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A new contributor



PRINCESS MARGARET flies this weekend to Trinidad to perform the opening ceremonies of the new Federal Government of the West Indies. This delightful portrait of her was photographed by Cecil Beaton to mark the occasion. On pages 130 & 131 of this issue of The TATLER appears an illustrated article about the islands that the princess is to visit. For news of an occasion in the life of another princess see PERSONALITY (page 119)

DIARY of the week

FROM 17 APRIL TO 23 APRIL

THURSDAY 17 APRIL

Horse Trials: The Queen, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, and the Princess Royal will stay with the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton for the Three Day Event there.

Point-to-Point: Fitzwilliam (Waterhenton).

Racing at Newmarket, N.H., Stratford-on-Avon.

FRIDAY 18 APRIL

Opera: Amy Shuard and Constance Shacklock will sing in Verdi's *Aida* at 7 p.m. in the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. Emanuel Young will conduct.

MOTORING in all its aspects will be covered in entertaining and authoritative fashion by GORDON WILKINS. His first article appears on page 158. See also RECORDS by Gerald Lascelles (p. 156)

Concert: Sir John Barbirolli and Wing Commander A. E. Sims, O.B.E. will conduct, respectively, the Hallé Orchestra and the Central Band of the Royal Air Force in a concert at the Royal Festival Hall (8 p.m.) in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The Duchess of Kent will be present and Eileen Joyce will be the solo pianist.

Racing at Newbury and Thirsk.

SATURDAY 19 APRIL

Royal Tour: Princess Margaret will leave London Airport at 8.30 p.m. on the start of her West Indies tour.

Point-to-Points: Chiddingfold and Leconfield (Tismans), Mid Kent Staghounds (Charing), Pytchley (Guilsborough), Quorn (Melton Mowbray).

Racing at Newbury, Thirsk, Warwick, N.H., Uttoxeter.

SUNDAY 20 APRIL

Song Recital: Joan Hammond, accompanied by Ivor Newton at the piano, will give a song recital in the Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m.

MONDAY 21 APRIL

Play transfer: *A Touch Of The Sun*, which has broken all records at the Saville Theatre since the theatre opened in 1931, is to transfer to the Prince's Theatre.

Ballet: Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann will dance, with the Royal Ballet, *Les Sylphides*, *The Firebird*, and *Petrushka* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, 7.30 p.m.

Racing at Alexandra Park, Edinburgh, and Wolverhampton.

TUESDAY 22 APRIL

Royal Visit: Princess Alexandra will visit Birmingham to open the new Teachers' Training College and the reconstructed Art Gallery.

Racing at Wolverhampton and Epsom.

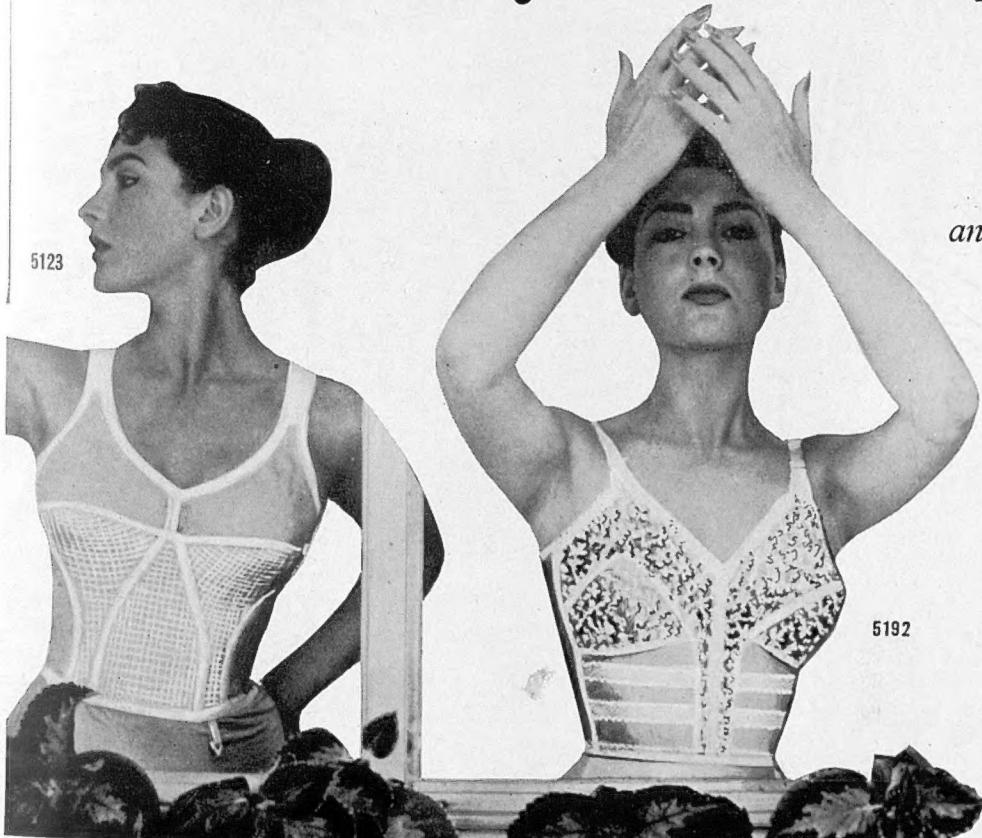
WEDNESDAY 23 APRIL

Royal Visit: The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the Staff College at Camberley and attend the Army Cup Final at Aldershot.

Golf: The Spalding Professional Tournament starts at Moor Park, Herts.

Racing at Epsom, Pontefract, N.H., Ludlow, Perth Hunt.

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The **TATLER**

BYSTANDER

CXXVIII. No. 2962

6 April 1958

Two Shillings



PERSONALITY

Heir apparent

PRINCESS MARGRETHE was born at ten minutes past ten, in Amalienborg Castle, Copenhagen, 18 years ago this morning. The birth of the princess who was to be Denmark's first female heir apparent gave the nation their one piece of good news in the prevailing gloom. The Nazis had occupied the country a few days previously. As the little princess grew up and was seen walking in the streets of the capital with her parents—then the Crown Prince and Crown Princess—she became something of a symbol of the new generation who would grow up to know and cherish freedom regained.

Her childhood and early education formed a pattern that most royal families have since copied. After a start at a royal kindergarten, she went to a private school, as did her two younger sisters. Danish citizens reach their majority at 21 but the heir apparent is judged of age at 18. So today Princess Margrethe becomes the Crown Princess of Denmark and receives from her father, King Frederick, the

country's highest decoration—the Most Excellent Order of the Elephant. Shortly she will take her seat in the Cabinet over which the King presides. There she must take an oath never to break the constitution. After this ceremony she can deputize for the King whenever he is out of the country.

Princess Margrethe, called Daisy by her family, is pretty and charming. She shares her mother's love of art, and likes to make drawings on porcelain. Like her father, she has a love of music; like her grandfather, the King of Sweden, a love of archaeology. Last summer King Gustaf and she spent a week in Italy at a "dig." The princess loves outdoor activities like riding, swimming and tennis, and she still takes lessons in fencing.

Three years ago, Princess Margrethe came to England and spent a year at the boarding school, North Foreland Lodge. Though her studies are now ended, there remains a formal graduating. Next year she will be presented with the red-and-white cap of a Danish student.



LORD CAREW'S ESTATE at Castletown, Co. Kildare, was the setting of the All-Ireland Hunter Trials and the One-Day Event. Twenty-one hunts competed. Above: Lady Hemphill on Grey Magic followed by Mrs. Patrick Pickersgill on Annalid



The Countess of Harrington, who rode for the Limerick Hunt team, took action pictures at the water jump

The All-Ireland Hunter Trials



Lord Holm Patrick, Hon. Field Master of the Ballymacad, was a timekeeper. He is a former Master of the Eton Beagles



Capt. Freeman Jackson, joint-Master of the Duhallow, with Mrs. Jackson. Capt. Jackson was captain of the Irish riding team in the last Olympic Games



Lady Perdita Blackwood, sister of the Marquess of Dufferin & Ava. She recently bought a farm in Co. Down



Lady Helena Hilton-Green, sister of the eighth Earl Fitzwilliam, with Mrs. Evan Williams and Miss Mary Atkinson, Hon. Whip to the Limerick



Rain and fog dogged the trials but did not damp enthusiasm. Above: Mrs. Nesbit Waddington, the Marchioness of Kildare, Baroness de Robeck

C. C. Fennell

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The big race at Aintree

by JENNIFER

For the past two years I have gone up to see the Grand National and back in the day, instead of staying overnight in one of the local hotels. I've found that this is much the most comfortable way of doing it and much the cheaper. British Railways run a number of special trains from Euston to Aintree station, which is very near the course. On the train you have an excellent breakfast and luncheon and on the return journey a tea and dinner. You settle down comfortably in your reserved seat with your papers or work, and have the same seat for the return journey, so you can leave all your papers (or extra shoes on a wet day) in your bag and find them intact on your return.

When I arrived at Euston for my train, which left at 8.15 a.m., I found Mr. J. Turrell, the quiet and efficient stationmaster, busy supervising the departure of the "specials." Mr. Turrell is well-known to all members of the Royal Family, who travel frequently from this great London station. Early reports as we left said it was raining at Aintree, and unfortunately it rained intermittently all day so that visibility for the big race was extremely poor.

It's good to see the United States Ambassador Mr. "Jock" Whitney present. He has been such a staunch supporter of National Hunt racing in this country and more recently flat racing, too. His interest dates back when he was a boy at Oxford and he made a great bid for the Grand National some years ago with his good chaser Easter Hero who won the Cheltenham Gold Cup. Everyone was delighted that His Excellency won the Coronation Hurdle on the second day of the meeting with his Green Imp, trained by young Toby Balding, who has done so well carrying on the torch of the loyal patrons like Mr. Whitney, who trained with his very popular and successful father, the late Mr. Gerald Balding, who died at far too early an age last year. The Earl & Countess of Derby had a big party at Knowsley, that watched the racing from their box. Their guests included the Duke & Duchess of Roxburghe, the Marquess & Marchioness of Blandford, the latter pretty in red with a white cap, Lord & Lady Irwin and Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cazalet. The Earl & Countess of Sefton had a big party, too, including the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Whitney, the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. & Mrs. Jack Thrusby, Violet Viscountess Allendale, Miss Monica Sheriffe and Sir Randle Feilden.

Ireland swells prize money

I met that live and vital personality Mrs. Topham, who runs and rules Aintree with such a firm hand. She told me how she had enjoyed her recent trip to Ireland with her efficient nephew Mr. Jim Bidwell, who is Clerk of the Course at Aintree, and her niece; they had visited some of the Irish racecourses and several of the Irish racing stables and studs and—what was a great achievement—came home with the gift of £5,000 from the Irish Hospitals Sweepstakes to increase the prize money for the Grand National which is so often won (as again this year) by a horse bred and trained in Ireland. This made the value of the race £16,660, of which £13,719 went to the winner, with good prize money to the other two placed horses and over £400 to the fourth.

It was a great sight as the 31 runners paraded slowly past the stands, led by Mrs. Carver's E.S.B. who has run in this race several times and won it in 1956. They were away to a good start and all got safely over the first fence, then out into the country, jumping four more fences before they came to the famous Becher's Brook. By then the field had thinned out a little, and by



Dicks—FitzMaurice. Miss Maureen FitzMaurice, daughter of Mrs. J. G. FitzMaurice and of the late Lt.-Colonel J. G. FitzMaurice, M.C., of the Elms, Blackwater, Camberley, Surrey, married Captain John Dicks, son of Major N. E. V. Dicks, M.C., and Mrs. Dicks, of Manson Place, Queens Gate, London, at the Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst

Wedding Days



Allison—Burnell. Miss Juliette Burnell of 6 Colinetto Road, Putney, only daughter of the late Mr. & Mrs. A. W. Burnell of Bangor, Caernarvonshire, and Mr. Robin William Allison, only son of Brigadier W. W. Allison, C.B.E., R.A. (Retd.) of Veryan, Cornwall & Mrs. Cicely Allison of Glenroy, Shanklin, were married at St. Saviour's Church, Walton Street



Currie—Malpas. The wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Heswall, Wirral, between Miss Beryl Ann Malpas of Moor Lodge, Oldfield Road, Heswall and Mr. Hugh Currie, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. Russell Currie of Chelsea. The bride is the only daughter of Mr. P. Malpas, the gynaecologist, & Mrs. Malpas



Phillips—Bezzant. Miss Elizabeth-Adele Bezzant, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. N. Bezzant of Wellpools, Charlwood, Surrey, and Mr. Michael Phillips, the elder son of the late Mr. A. G. Phillips & Mrs. Phillips of Wheatlands Manor, Finchampstead, were married at St. Bride's, Fleet Street



Miss Anna Massey and Mr. Jeremy Brett Huggins.
She is the only daughter of Mr. Raymond Massey of Wilton, Connecticut, and Mrs. W. D. Whitney, Highgate Village, London. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. H. W. Huggins of Berkswell, Warwickshire.



Miss Helen Louise Lawrence and Mr. Christopher Rea.
She is the daughter of the late Mr. A. N. Lawrence & Mrs. Lawrence, Ardmore, Camlet Way, Hadley Wood. He is the son of Sqdn.-Ldr. & Mrs. D. A. Rea of Multan, Pakistan

Pearl Freeman

They are engaged



Miss Nicolette Harrison and Lord Londonderry.
She is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Harrison of 33 Chesham Place, London, S.W.1, and Netherhampton House, near Salisbury. He is the 20-year-old 9th Marquess



Miss Fiona Mary Naylor and Herr Knut-Erik Nesse.
She is the daughter of Mr. J. M. Naylor of Easter Ogil, Forfar, Angus, and the Hon. Mrs. Purcell-Buret of Ballyfoyle, Winchester. He is the son of Herr & Fru. S. Nesse of Drammen, Norway

Bassano



Miss Jennifer Pauline Wilkinson and Mr. Anthony J. A. Morgan.
She is the eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. R. F. Martin Wilkinson of Sharphorne, Sussex. He is the son of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. W. A. Morgan of Haywards Heath, and is in the K.O.Y.L.I.



Miss Catriona Garrett Anderson and Mr. John Williams.
She is the elder daughter of Sir Colin & Lady Anderson of Admiral's House, Hampstead. He is the only son of the late Mr. W. W. Williams & Mrs. Williams of Bath, Somerset

Yevonde

JENNIFER *continued*

the time they came past the stands the first time there were only seventeen standing. Coming round the second time to jump the last fence only seven horses were to be seen. Mr. D. J. Coughlan's Irish-bred and Irish-trained Mr. What, the winner, was in the lead, but he made a bad blunder and Arthur Freeman who was riding him did brilliantly to remain in the saddle. A tremendous cheer went up, especially from all the Irish present, when he went past the winning post 30 lengths ahead of Mr. Edward Courage's gallant mare Tiberetta who was third in the race last year. This was Tiberetta's sixtieth race and she has the magnificent record of never having fallen.

Mr. Courage, who is one of the most popular owners in the country, is a fine example to all of us, for although crippled by poliomyelitis, he trains his own horses at his home in Oxfordshire. Tiberetta, whom he also bred, looked a picture of fitness in the paddock before the race. Among many members of his family with him to see the race were his wife, his sisters Mrs. Ken Bailey and Mrs. James Barttelot with her husband Commander James Barttelot who manages the Hon. Richard Stanley and Brigadier Willy Wyatt's studs, and Capt. Richard Courage, R.N. and his wife. Capt. Courage is the only sailor to have won the Grand Military Gold Cup in recent years which he did on his own horse Mr. Cuthbert.

Owners who went racing

Earl Cadogan's Green Drill was third and I saw a delighted family party around the unsaddling enclosure. Besides the owner, who is a steward at this meeting, there was his son Viscount Chelsea, his younger daughter Lady Daphne Cadogan, and his niece the Hon. Nicole Yarde-Buller with her fiancé Mr. Richard Berens. Among other owners I saw racing were the Duchess of Westminster who ran *Sentina* in the National, Major Stanley Cayzer, M.F.H. who was staying with Sir Evelyn and Lady Broughton for the meeting, Mrs. Leonard Carver, Mr. William L. Pilkinson, M.F.H. and his wife who owns *Must*, Col. W. H. Whitbread, Mr. Oliver Gilbey, Mr. Jim Joel, and Mr. Clifford Nicholson, who all had runners in the big race.

Others racing included the Earl of Dunraven, over from Ireland and delighted at the birth of his first grandchild, the infant son of the Marquess & Marchioness of Waterford, whom he told me was progressing well, the Earl of Shrewsbury who was one of the stewards, Col. and Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor, the latter happily recovered from her bad riding accident last autumn, Earl and Countess Rocksavage who had Lieut.-Col. Harry & the Hon. Mrs. Llewellyn among their guests, Viscount & Viscountess Leverhulme, the Hon. Lady Naylor-Leyland, neat in a blue tweed suit, and Mr. Aleksei Roshchin, Counsellor at the Soviet Embassy and Mr. Nicholas Makharov also of that Embassy who were guests in Mrs. Topham's box as was Mr. Joe McGrath the Irish owner and chairman of the Irish Hospital Sweepstakes. The Russian diplomats told me how much they had enjoyed the National, and spoke about racing in Russia and neighbouring countries. Viscount & Viscountess Tenby were guests of the Chief Constable of Lancashire, Col. Eric St. Johnstone who had a big party of friends and their pretty daughter Caroline with them, and I saw Mr. & Mrs. Brian Rootes talking with Mr. John Holbech who happily won a good sweepstake on the National. Also Lady Holcroft, Lord & Lady Grimthorpe, the Hon. Lionel Berry and his two eldest daughters, his brother the Hon. Denis Berry and his daughters Mrs. Sandy Gilmour and Miss Susan Berry, Col. Harewood Williams, handicapper Mr. Dan Shepherd, Mr. & Mrs. John Rogerson, Col. Dan Corry over from Dublin, Lady Anne Fitzalan-Howard and her cousin Miss Diana Constable Maxwell, Brigadier Jack Speed, Col. Stedall and Major & Mrs. Roger Ingham.

Others I saw there were the Hon. Mrs. Archie Scott, Mrs. Brotherton, Col. Dick Poole, Capt. & Mrs. Edward Hulse, Mr. Nick Ackroyd, Major & Mrs. G. Churton, Mr. Norman Joseph, Mr. & Mrs. "Boy" Pilkinson, and Mr. Terence Rattigan whose new play *Variations On A Theme*, which comes to London on 8th May, opened in Manchester two days later, Sir Ian Walker was watching the National; also Lord & Lady Mostyn, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Mrs. Audrey Hazlerigg, Miss Jane Clayton, Col. "Squeak" Thompson and his two daughters, Mr. Edward Paget and Mr. Charles Bowman, the Oxford fast bowler.

A dynamic Ambassador

That very amusing and dynamic personality Dr. Assis Chateaubriand, Brazilian Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, who has already made a great many friends in England dined with Mr. & Mrs. Tadeusz Tobolski in their Egerton Crescent home before going on to the dance which the Anglo-Brazilian Society held in Belgrave Square. Mrs. Tobolski, chic in a short, black faille evening dress with one of the new barrel-bottom skirts, also had the witty and gracious Venezuelan Ambassador and his charming



A. V. Swaebe

ROYAL GALA AT COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL BALLET gave a gala performance attended by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret at Covent Garden in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund. Among those present: (left) Dr. John Cox and his sister, Miss Helen Cox, both from Adelaide;

(centre) Miss Sally Gordon and Miss Merle Ropner, daughter of Sir Leonard Ropner, M.P., the ship-owner. They sold programmes; (right) the Marques de Santa Cruz, the recently appointed Spanish Ambassador to Britain, with the Marquesa

ife Senora Dagnino dining, and Vicomtesse Obert de Thieusies who wore a beautiful red and gold sheath dress. She and her husband had been staying with the Tobolskis for a few days; Vicomte Obert de Thieusies, who was for number of years Belgian Ambassador in London, had left for a business appointment in Brussels that afternoon, but when I met him at a lunch party at Mme. Bianchi's home earlier that day I found him looking well and sparkling form.

The dance, attended by many members of the Anglo-Brazilian Society and their friends, was a great success. The highlight of the evening was a baret "Os Brasileiros," who sang and played Brazilian songs and mimed representations of Brazilian folk-lore. Dr. Chateaubriand was busy greeting my friends among the guests as were the deputy president of the Society, Arthur Evans & Lady Evans.

I also met the Brazilian Minister Counsellor and his elegant and attractive wife Dona Maria Thereza Castello-Branco, who was in red, Sir Hugh & Lady Gurney, Lady Manning and her son-in-law and daughter, Lord & Lady Northbrook, and the young Mayoress of Kensington, Miss Lucy Fisher.

Among others present at the dance were Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Rhodes, Alfred Bossom, the Member of Parliament for Maidstone, Mr. John Churchill, Count Alexandre de Lasta, the Brazilian Naval and Military attaché and Senhora Furtado de Mendonça, and the Brazilian Air attaché and his wife Senhora Rosas Carralde.

Bath looks forward to gaiety

I recently met Mr. Ian Hunter who had just returned from his second or third business trip to Moscow engaging artists for the Harold Holt Celebrity Concerts. He told me about the plans that are now going ahead for the Bath Festival to take place in that gem of Georgian cities from 29 May to 7 June. One feels that with Mr. Hunter running the Festival, this year it is sure to be exceptionally well organized and a great success, as he has so much valuable experience. He is now managing director of Harold Holt Ltd., but I met him first when he was on the executive side of the Glyndebourne opera season, and later as assistant to Mr. Rudolph Byng in Edinburgh. When Mr. Byng went to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Mr. Hunter succeeded him as Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival and ran this superbly for six seasons until he took up his present appointment two years ago.

A service in Bath Abbey will follow the opening ceremony performed by Sir Mortimer Wheeler in the grounds of the Abbey on 29 May. There will be concerts and recitals

by such great artists as Yehudi Menuhin, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Ingrid Haebler, Isaac Stern (who will be both soloist and conductor, conducting for the first time), and Shura Cherkassky who will play the concerto in the Gershwin concert on 31 May to be conducted by George Byrd; also Rosalyn Tureck, Hephzibah Menuhin, sister of Yehudi, who is a brilliant pianist, and Jacqueline Delman and Gerald Moore. Inge Sand and a group from the Royal Danish Ballet will give several performances, and the theatre will be represented by John Gielgud and works of Shakespeare.

A jazz festival will feature the bands of Humphrey Lyttelton, Johnny Dankworth, Mick Mulligan, Ken Colver and Chris Barber.

Among non-musical events will be an Art Treasures Exhibition arranged by the British Antique Dealers Association, an exhibition entitled "Three Modern Masters"—Matthew Smith, Victor Pasmore and Francis Bacon—and an exhibition of French Impressionist paintings lent by Lord Radcliffe. A barbecue of roast venison, country dancing, a fireworks display, the Festival Ball (which I hope to attend on 30 May), a film and Arts Ball and a Masquerade Ball at which Victor Silvester and his orchestra will preside on June 6, are also on the programme.

Country houses will be opened in the neighbourhood of Bath and hospitality offered to Festival visitors, especially those from overseas.

Bookings and timetables for this Festival, which should be a wonderful week, can be obtained from the Festival Box Office, Abbey Churchyard, Bath, or Ibbs and Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore Street, W.I.

Double-decker party

Mrs. Anthony Kershaw and Mrs. Aubrey-Fletcher had a very original joint cocktail party for their débutante daughters Miss Caroline Kershaw, who is keen on art and music, and looked sweet in sapphire blue, and Miss Susan Aubrey-Fletcher, a pretty girl who was in black. Both hostesses have flats in Gayfere Lodge, Westminster, one above the other, so the party which was very gay took place on two floors. Both flats were packed with cheerful young people—more boys than girls. Among them were Miss Deirdre Deuchar from Northumberland, Miss Sarah McCreery, Lady Mary Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Rosamund Hambro who is the pretty niece of Mr. Cecil Beaton, Miss Alexandra Bridgewater, Miss Penelope Graham and Miss Penelope Butler-Henderson, all three attractive girls.

The young men included Mr. Philip & Mr. David Davenport, Mr. Tony Jones Lloyd, Mr. Tarquin Olivier, Mr. James Mitchell who is up at Cambridge, Mr.



THE GRAND NATIONAL WINNER, Mr. What, with A. Freeman up, being led in by his owner, Mr. G. D. Coughlan. He had a runaway victory of 30 lengths. Of the 31 starters in the race, only seven finished

JENNIFER *continued*

Jonathan Pedder, Mr. Alan Elliot and Mr. Nigel Proctor, who are all up at Oxford, Lord Montgomerie, Mr. James Fairey, Mr. Robert Cunningham Brown, who is in the Coldstream Guards at Wellington Barracks, and Susan's young brother Mr. Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, who was home for the holidays and busy helping to look after the guests, as were both fathers, Mr. Anthony Kershaw, M.P., and Mr. Aubrey-Fletcher.

Mr. Henry Sherek and his wife, the Hon. Mrs. Sherek, sat in a box at the Criterion Theatre to watch the first night of Mr. Arthur Watkyn's comedy-thriller *Not In The Book*. This was the hundredth play Mr. Sherek has presented since the war and should prove a great success to judge by the splendid reception it received on the opening night and the many good notices next day. The author was in the audience that night, as were Sir Bronson Albery and Mrs. Wilfred Hyde White, whose husband plays the lead in the play. The same evening the English Stage company were celebrating their second anniversary with a party for nearly 200 on the stage of the Royal Court Theatre. Dame Peggy Ashcroft, who was introduced by the artistic director Mr. George Devine (the headmaster!), cut the birthday cake. The Earl of Harewood and the Earl of Bessborough who are both members of the council were among those present.

Flying down to Goodwood

The early Easter turned out to be also an exceptionally cold one, but many hardy enthusiasts watched motor-racing at either Goodwood or the smaller Brands Hatch. The innovation at Goodwood, where the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and his able clerk of the course, Mr. Ralph Hubbard, make improvements each year, is the new licensed aerodrome with landing strips 800 yards long in the centre of the circuit. This was much appreciated

by both competitors and spectators who wanted to avoid the traffic jams on the roads. Seventy-four aeroplanes landed here; among those who flew down was Mr. Kenneth McAlpine who used to race the Connaught cars so successfully. The aerodrome is managed by G/Capt. Tim Morice who commanded the R.A.F. aerodrome that was here during the war.

These facilities to fly to Goodwood will be welcomed not only by motor-racing enthusiasts attending the Whitsun meeting, but also by the flat-racing fraternity for the Goodwood race week (from 29 July-1 August). It will be a boon to trainers and jockeys, especially those wanting to ride at the evening meeting at Manchester, which comes in the middle of Goodwood, and also to owners who can only spare a few hours off to see their horses run.

The Duke of Kent and his brother, Prince Michael, both motor-racing enthusiasts, were among the spectators at Goodwood. They watched part of the time from the Duke of Richmond and Gordon's private stand and also walked round to have a look at the various types of cars competing.

THE DUKE OF KENT and his brother Prince Michael were among the spectators at the motor-racing at Goodwood over Easter

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Other guests of the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who were both present, included Lord and Lady Essenden back from Bermuda, the Marquess of Camden and his son the Earl of Brecknock, the Duke's niece Lady Cunningham and her husband Sir Andrew Cunningham, Mrs. Ralph Hubbard, Lord Chesham and the Hon. Nicholas Cavendish. There was also motor-racing at Brands Hatch where among the young drivers competing were Mr. Tommy Sopwith and Sir Gawaine Baillie, who finished first and second in one of the races, both driving Jaguars.

The Duchess of Norfolk is to be congratulated on organizing the Ascot Jumping Show, to take place next week on 24, 25 and 26 April, from 9.30 a.m. each day. Though this is the first year, there is the outstanding number of 1,600 entries. The fine lawns, normally used by racegoers to Ascot, will provide a perfect setting for the three rings, where spectators will be able to see not only all the well-known riders and show-jumpers, but also novices, some of whom may be champions of the future.

In The TATLER of March 26 we published photographs of the Wentworth Foursomes golf match. Under two of the pictures, that of Mr. J. S. Walker and Mr. Ben Shelton, and that of Mr. G. H. Micklem with Mr. R. W. Horne, the captions were unfortunately transposed. We greatly regret this error and apologize for any confusion to which it may have given rise.



CHALLENGE Lady Gore, wife of the commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, launches Sceptre, Britain's challenger for the America's Cup. Watching (*l to r*): Mr. G. Robertson, head of the shipyard at Holy Loch, Argyll, Mr. D. Boyd, the designer, Mrs. H. Goodson and Mr. H. Goodson, chairman of the syndicate sponsoring the challenge



ENVOY The new Ambassador from Honduras, the Central American republic, is Dr. Antonio Bermudez-Milla, photographed with his wife Noemi. He has just taken up residence at the embassy in Palace Gardens Terrace, Kensington



NEWS PORTRAITS



SUCCESS The banks of the River Blackwater on the Duke of Devonshire's estate in Co. Cork are now crowded with salmon fishermen. Lord Normanton, one of the duke's guests, caught a 12 lb. salmon—held here by his ghillie



Clayton Evans

DEFENCE Miss Sheila Willcox, the British individual champion rider, will defend her title this week during the three-day event at Badminton. Last year, with her horse High and Mighty, she won the cup for the best individual performance in the European Horse Trials at Copenhagen



TRAVELLER Cecil Beaton, photographed on holiday in France, is the designer of the clothes in the long-awaited American musical *My Fair Lady*, which opens in London shortly. See also the cover of THE TATLER



VISITOR Belgium's Dowager Queen Elisabeth is the first member of European royalty to visit Russia since the overthrow of the Czar. She attended a Tchaikowsky Anniversary Concert in Moscow. Photographed with her: the President of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, Kliment Voroshilov



THE INTERNATIONAL POODLE CLUB held its championships at the Seymour Hall, London. Above: Best-in-Show winner, the miniature brown poodle Oldebury Brown Boy, with Mrs. Rita Brown-Jones, and (holding bowl) his breeder-owner, Mrs. R. Abraham of Shifnal, Salop

The poodles show their paces



The Hon. Secretary of the British Toy Poodle Club, Miss Joan Eddie, Brig. Sir Alexander Stanier, Bt., and Lady Stanier, joint vice-president of the Club. Sir Alexander farms near Stratford-on-Avon

ROUNDABOUT

It's easy to remember

by CLAUD COCKBURN

How to avert chaos and widespread mental breakdown on the not-distant day when trunk telephones "go on the dial", is still giving headaches to experts supposed to be finding out the best way for people to memorize 9 or 10 digits instead of four. (The suggestion that we should all keep up-to-date telephone directories ever handy, or else never mislay our notebooks, is rightly ignored, as coming from people who obviously have led absurdly sheltered lives.)

The most valuable mnemonic of the kind I ever heard was invented by Mr. Patrick Hamilton, the playwright and novelist, who claimed to have thought of it during some complex telephonic negotiations concerning his famous play *Gaslight*. The mnemonic was soundly based—on sex. The first time I gave him my own number, which was then Gulliver (or Regent, I forgot) 4538, I was a little surprised to see him nod in an approving manner as he memorized it, and remark to himself, "very sensible. Just right." But when, a little later, I changed my address and my number became 6721 on the same exchange, he greeted the news with a startled whistle, and muttered that it was "going a bit far". He added something about "money and lust, I suppose".

He explained that in his system the first two digits stood for the age of the husband, or other

male partner, the second pair for the age of the female. Thus, asked suddenly for the telephone number of his friend X, he immediately recalled that faithful old couple still happily linked at the ages of 97 and 86 respectively. Such a contrast to Y, whose Hampstead number was scandalously easy to remember because the second half of it was below the age of consent. Only in extreme cases, such as "03", would he admit that the thing probably referred to a nephew, niece, or grandchild.

How to adapt this system to a situation in



THE ROUNDABOUT AUTHOR this week made his name in the 1930s as editor of *The Week*. He will shortly publish *Crossing The Line*, the second part of his autobiography

which we shall have nothing but triangles, with possibly an odd man or woman out, I cannot yet quite see.

"CONGRATULATIONS WARMEST GOOD WISHES AND WHAT IS ANENT LUGGALA QUERY." Such was the text of the anxious cable sent to New York the other day by a distinguished Roman on the news that Oonagh, *née* Guinness, and until then Lady Oranmore, had met and married in the U.S. Mr. Miguel Fererras, of Cuba.

His anxiety was intelligible and was certainly shared by a remarkably wide range of people—including Ambassadors, "gentleman jockeys", playwrights, politicians of every creed and both sexes, film directors, physicians, and "people of the travelling class" from millionaires to near-hoboes—in Rome, Paris, London, New York, Hollywood and Dublin. For Luggala, Mrs. Fererras' little jewel of a house in a spectacular glen of the Wicklow Mountains—originally built there as a shooting lodge by an Edwardian Guinness with a gaily eccentric taste in country-house architecture—has for a number of years been admittedly unique in Western Europe for the unpredictable variety of its hospitality and entertainment.

Mrs. Fererras, exuberantly acclaimed by Lord Kilbracken as "Ireland's 'hostess with the mostest'", has, one is happy to say, announced that she has no intention of abandoning Luggala, a place where I once saw a packed houseful of weekend guests, all with vital appointments to keep in various parts of the world, greet with shouts of pleasure the news that we were all snowed in, and would be cut off for a week.

The hostess's extraordinary, and carefully disguised, skill in assembling an ostensibly "random" cocktail of guests, sometimes including people whose feuds have been internationally notorious until they evanesced at Luggala, occasionally produces some searing experiences. I once spent an extenuating hour strolling by the lake with a man who, I had been given to under-



Gay Camelia being groomed by her owner Miss Minnie Johnson, before appearing in one of nearly 50 classes



Mrs. Heather Boreham, wife of a Civil Servant from Biggin Hill, Kent, with her Firebrave Arkadia, a miniature poodle puppy



A contrast in black and white by Charva Joy and Moonspree White Warrior, with their owner and breeder, Mrs. A. P. W. Langford

Desmond O'Neill

and, was a famous Italian writer. It was thought he would much enjoy a talk about trends in modern English and Italian literature. speak no Italian, he had no English, and we chattered on and on in French. He had been very at the outset but seemed to become taciturn. Though I ground out cultural notions like a coffee machine, he failed to respond. It began to dawn to me that modern Italian literature must have something to hide. Irked, I finally said loud to myself, "Oh go jump in the lake". This seemed, was one of the few English expressions he understood. Beaming with relief he cried, "Let's both jump in the lake!"

We tore off our clothes and did so. It was while we were sunning ourselves afterwards, and he was massaging his enormous thigh muscles, that he made some remark which disclosed to me that he was a famous Italian, all right, but a famous rider, not writer.

From then on his liveliness returned and

we talked happily about the Aga Khan Cup.

Ever since I once took a round-trip ticket from New York to New Orleans and return, and then was flown back from New Orleans in a friend's private airplane, I have been confirmed in a dislike of return tickets which I had rather ashamedly cherished for years before that episode. Not to buy a return ticket seemed to leave the door open to the possibility that the journey might somehow prolong itself for ever, or that at least something new and unexpected would turn up before the time came to start for home.

Nowadays, currency restrictions alone have made this kind of unplanned travel a luxury and sometimes an impossibility. All the same, I am still often awed by the long-sightedness with which some people plan their holidays. In a world where too many people seem endlessly to be chasing too few hotel rooms, advance reservations are inevitable. But I was frankly astonished the other day when a travel agent told me that it

was far from uncommon for people to book hotel and boat accommodations 18 months or even two years in advance. The habit may seem a little stodgy, but probably ought to be applauded as a sign of optimism. These sturdy and level-headed people simply do not believe it when newspaper correspondents predict that the place where they propose to relax in the autumn of 1959 is going to be heaving with revolution long before that date. With equal sang froid they dismiss the idea that economic collapse or the H-bomb will force them to forfeit their advance deposit. Or perhaps they simply have a sublime faith that whatever and whoever else blows up, the Hotel Bonheur at Petit Trou will still be open for their business.

It is the kind of optimism possessed in high degree by a patient of the late Dr. Freud, who, speaking of himself and his wife, said, "If one of us dies before the other, I shall go and live in Italy."



BRIGGS



by Graham



Reconstruction of Barkers' front—a pre-war project postponed—has eliminated a traffic bottleneck



Chairman and hon. secretary of the new High Street council are Mr. Gossman (standing) and Mr. Williams

Revival of a High Street

KENSINGTON HIGH STREET is a bustling thoroughfare that carries London traffic from the calm of Kensington Gardens at one end to picturesque Holland Park and beyond at the other. It slices through an area of attractive residential streets with still-fashionable names like Campden Hill Terrace, Phillimore Gardens, and Edwardes Square.

In recent years, however, the reputation of the High Street for smart and comprehensive shopping has lost some of its shine. To polish it up again ten leading High Street businessmen have got together under the chairmanship of Mr. L. A. Gossman. He is managing director of Hamptons, the well-known furnishing store which has moved to Kensington High Street following the loss of its bombed premises in Trafalgar Square. The ten have formed a council modelled on the one that puts up the imaginative decorations in Regent Street at Christmastime.

Says Mr. H. E. Williams, the council's honorary secretary: "Our aim is to attract more people to shop in the High Street, and when here to give them better service."

Several developments previously under way push the revival project off to a good start. The street has been widened at both ends. Attractive new coffee-bars have sprung up. Two new food stores have opened boasting delicatessen that ranges from smoked octopus to roasted caterpillars. And the big department stores, Derry & Toms, Barkers, and Pontings are being reinvigorated under the new ownership of Mr. Hugh Fraser, the Scottish draper.



A huge range of delicatessen is stocked in the High Street's new supermarkets. Left: Cheeses at the Food Forum



Either side of the High Street are quaint old squares and streets, like Kensington Square (centre) where the home of Mrs. Patrick Campbell



is marked with a plaque (right). In several places modern houses to tone with the old surroundings are being built, as in Argyll Street



THE ITALIAN EMBASSY held a cocktail party to discuss a gala concert on 4 May in aid of the Italian Hospital in London. Left: Count Vittorio Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador, who is President of the concert committee, with Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, the chairman; (centre) Mr. Hamish Hamilton, the publisher, and Mrs. Tom Montague Meyer, formerly Fleur Cowles; (right) Signor Guerrini Maraldi, the Italian vice-consul, and Signora Maraldi

An Embassy entertains



Countess Di Thiene, a vice-chairman of the concert committee, and Mrs. Tom Page, who does charity work for the blind

Viscountess Hambleden, who is Italian-born, wore an ostrich feather grey hat. Guests were told that Tito Gobbi will sing

Signor Clemente Boniver, Commercial Counsellor to the Italian Embassy, with Signora Boniver.



Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. U. La Rocca, wife of the Second Secretary at the Italian Embassy, and Alderman and Mrs. W. J. Ridd, Mayor and Mayoress of Holborn. It was announced that the Duchess of Kent will attend this concert at the Festival Hall



Signora A. Folchi, wife of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Italian Foreign Office, with Mrs. P. Prunas and Mr. Prunas, Minister-Counsellor at the Italian Embassy

This week Princess Margaret revisits Trinidad to launch the new Federal Government of the West Indies

Return to the Calypso isles

by OLWEN LAWTON

WHEN Princess Margaret arrives in Trinidad this weekend it will be her second visit to the West Indies within four years. At her own request, she is also re-visiting the tiny island of Tobago.

What is the charm of these little green isles, set in the sunlit Caribbean? I think that with Trinidad the answer lies in the island's many contrasts. Though there are only 1,000,000 inhabitants, one hears a score of different tongues. In the south, there is the world-famous pitch lake and giant oil-wells, while the north and centre of the island varies from golden plains of sugar-cane, to vivid, emerald-tipped mountains, and orchards of oranges, grapefruit, or paw-paw. You can watch Indian women in donkey-drawn carts; bearded priests standing outside mosques; urbane Chinese presiding over giant steel cookingbowls; every possible gradation of skin colour in the streets by day, and at night, flickering oil lamps and the beat, almost everywhere, of steel bands....

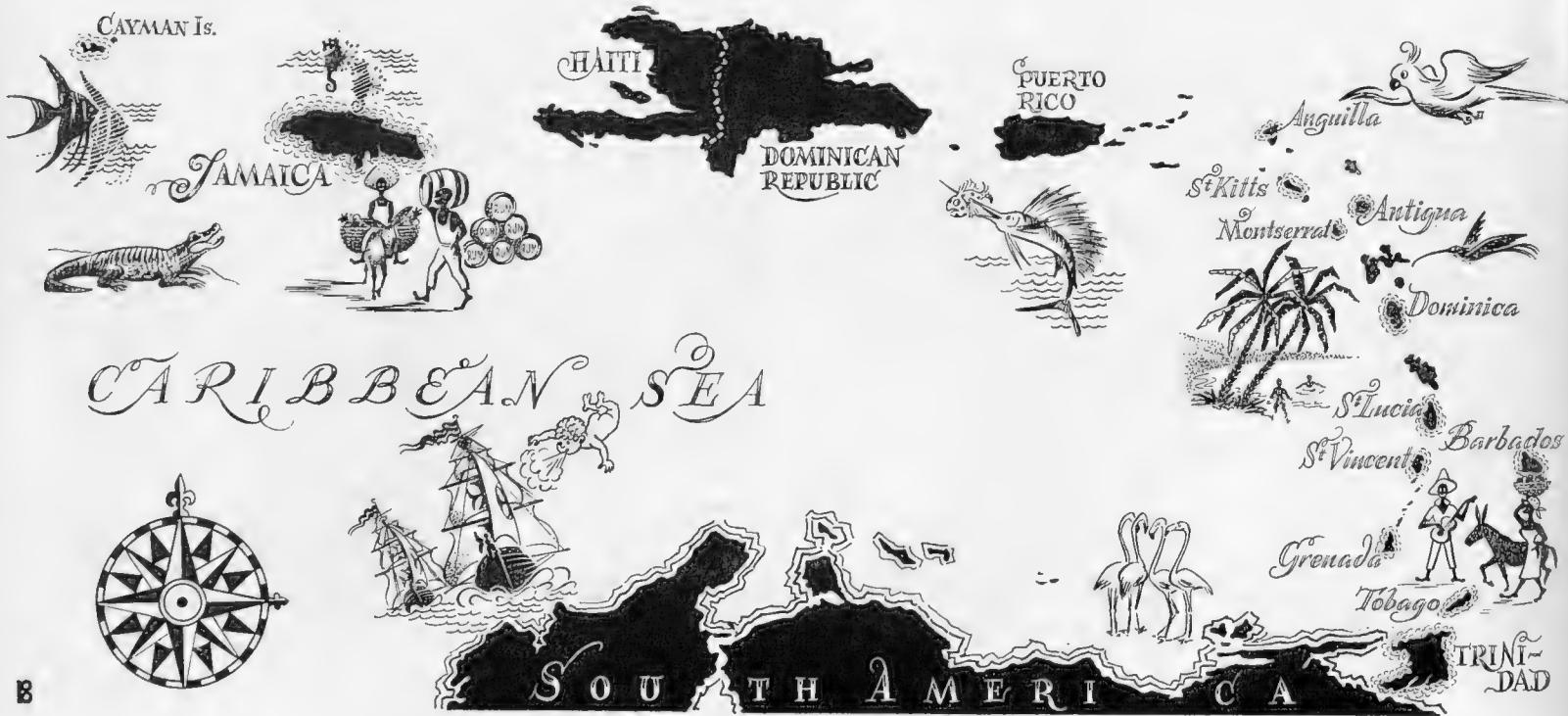
The Yacht Club, just beyond the bustling capital Port of Spain, offers temporary

membership to visitors, and a sail "down the islands" is a wonderful experience. These small rocks and islets string along from the mainland like so many seeds sprinkled on the sunlit sea, and you can either troll for the numerous fish which abound here, or drop anchor in one of the perfect bays and go spear-fishing. The sea is so warm that it's possible to spend the entire day in the water and in the late afternoon to picnic on deck and drink iced Trinidad rum. (One of the nicest things about a temperature which swings between 80 and 90 degrees most of the year round, is the excuse it gives one to drink with an easy conscience.)

The weekend playground of most Trinidadians, however, is Maracas Bay. It is reached by a mountain road (built by American engineers during the war) which dips and climbs round the indented coastline, every curve proclaiming a fresh and lovely vista of sea and mountain and sky.

When the bay is reached, cars are parked on sifting white sand beneath giant coconut palms. Way up in these trees are the nest-

JOURNEY'S END for Princess Margaret. *Above:* Government House, Trinidad, where she will stay with the new Governor, Lord Hailes. *Below:* Trinidad is at the southern end of the string of West Indian islands, nearest to South America





SCENES OF THE ISLANDS. Contrast is the charm of Trinidad. *Above, left:* a Hindoo priest, one of the many racial types; *(centre)* ancient and modern buildings in Frederick Street, Port of Spain; *(right)* mounted police outside the 18th-century stables at Government House. *Below, left:* a beach on Chaguaramas base near Port of Spain; *(right)* Bacolet Beach on nearby Tobago

like wooden shelters of the lifeguards, slender young Indians or Negroes, who every year save the lives of scores of bathers. But though the breakers are tremendous and can be dangerous to the foolhardy, they are wonderfully exhilarating. Afterwards, one can stretch out beneath the shade of a palm, drink the cool, sweet water of the green coconut (neatly sliced with a cutlass and liberally laced with gin) and happily lose away the hours.

Trinidad has an added attraction—it is an excellent "jumping-off" spot for the other Caribbean islands. From its beautiful harbour the yachtsman can sail up the Grenadines, or there is an efficient island-hopping trip by British West Indian Airways. A mere half-hour's flight brings you to Tobago, a tiny island lying off the ocean tracks of the world, which still, in this age of high-powered civilization, offers an almost magical sense of peace.

Mornings on Tobago are beautiful, and afternoons sun-filled and languorous, but perhaps the most lovely time is when the sun has gone down in a soft pink setting behind those hills. The stars spatter the sky with brilliance and the moon rises, flooding the valleys and the tops of the hills with a profligate splendour. Myriads of frogs and cicadas fill the air with their

peculiar, insistent calls. Among the trees, fireflies dance and swirl like fairy torches.

I took the hill which corkscrews up towards the 700-foot ridge cutting across the middle of the island. The higher I climbed, the more breathtaking the vistas on either side—with steep, deeply wooded valleys plunging away from the road and, along the skyline, a vast spread of lovely hills. Hills on which the immortelles, those fabulous trees, were already breaking into a mass of blossom. In January and February, the valleys are rose-pink with their flowers.

At Mason Hall is a small guest house which seems to be poised almost on top of the island (and where, incidentally, I ate the finest food I've ever eaten anywhere).

There is a memorable trip to Buccoo Reef, a famous undersea garden. Here you float over emerald waters in the care of the biggest, brownest negro I have ever seen. Below you, like an Aladdin's cave tropical fish dart between the twisted, fantastic shapes of coral, and the pink and marble smoothness of huge conch shells.

When you tire of the sea, you can take a walk through the country of the cocoa, where the pods hang down in rich red brilliance and birds flash like yellow jewels through the jungle undergrowth. A lizard slithers down a bank. A hummingbird is

poised above a flower, and the air filled with the soft twitter of the sugar-cane bird, or the sweet, muted call of the blue King of the Forest. You might see a cocoa butterfly, large as a bat, clinging to the brown bark of a spice tree. Clusters of bananas are shaded by their great, green leaves, and, overhead, bamboos sway like creaking doors, and the leaves of the coconut make a pattern of fans against a blue sky.

Along the country lane comes a lad astride a donkey, a cutlass in one hand, his white teeth already showing in a wide and friendly grin. "Good morning, man," he says in his soft, contented voice.

Nobody who has ever imagined a tropical island can be disappointed in Tobago. It is worth going half-way across the world to see, to love, and to determine, one day, like Princess Margaret, to return.

IF YOU THINK OF GOING

By sea (two weeks): Many lines to choose from, ranging from banana boats to the Italian *Franca C*. This boat sails from Genoa, via Cannes, Barcelona and Tenerife. Fare (about £250 return) includes train travel to Genoa. The French Line calls at Martinique and Guadeloupe.

By air. BOAC fly direct from London to Port of Spain. Return fares: £395 8s. de luxe, £372 5s. first-class, £283 10s. tourist. Big reductions for families. Return via New York costs no extra.

CURRENCY: No money restrictions for travel to the West Indies.

HOTELS: Any amount of comfortable hotels in Trinidad, and also several in Scarborough, the tumbledown capital of Tobago.





THE DUKE OF RICHMOND & GORDON watched the Bank Holiday motor-racing on his track, the first of the British season. Above: The Duke at the starting grid with Mr. G. A. Vandervell, head of the engineering firm, who owns the Vanwall racing car

MOTOR-RACING AT GOODWOOD

Broken records and near misses take the crowd's minds off the chilly Easter weather



Wives of two well-known drivers in the afternoon's races: Mrs. Tony Holt and Mrs. Duncan Hamilton



The Duchess of Richmond & Gordon and her granddaughter, Lady Ellinor Caroline Gordon-Lennox, the Earl of March's daughter



Robbie Walker checks times. He was with his mother, Mrs. R. R. C. Walker, whose husband entered the Argentine Grand Prix winner



Desmond O'Neill

In the cockpit of Cooper Car No. 18 is Roy Salvadore. Left: Mr. Charles Cooper; right: S. Lewis-Evans, who drove a Connaught



Peter Collins, second in the Sussex Trophy, with Earl Howe, the veteran racing driver, who was a steward



Mrs. Mirabel Topham, head of the Aintree track, with Mr. Frank Bale, B.A.R.C. hon. treasurer, another of the stewards



THE GOODWOOD International 100 was the big race of the day, and in the course of it the B.R.M. challenge to the special Ferrari sent from Italy faded out. Mike Hawthorn, the Ferrari driver (left), received the Glover Trophy for the race from Mrs. D. M. Gover, wife of the managing

director of United Lubricants Ltd. Right: Hawthorn being flagged down as he flashes to the finishing line before a record crowd of 60,000. In this race he made a new lap record, as did Stirling Moss in a Cooper before retiring. Moss had earlier won the Sussex Trophy in an Aston-Martin



The line-up for the Chichester Cup for sports cars of up to 1100 c.c. with (front row) two Lotuses driven by T. Dickson (No. 90) and Roy Salvadori (No. 101), which came second and third. Right: Jean Behra, the Continental driver, at the wheel of the B.R.M. in which he crashed during the International 100 event, escaping with an injured foot





THE AUTHOR is a parliamentary writer who has had many years' experience observing the activities of both Chambers from the Gallery and the Lobby

by BERNARD KEELAN

Shall we join the Lords?

Under a new Act,
the Government intends
to admit women to the
House of Lords
as life peeresses

THREE POLITICAL LADIES. L. to r.: Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, daughter of the Liberal Prime Minister, Lord Asquith; Lady Astor, the first woman M.P.; and Lady Rhondda, editor and proprietor of *Time & Tide*



In an earlier edition of that absorbing work, the *London Telephone Directory*, three consecutive entries used to run: House of Beauty, House of Charm, House of Commons. (Further down the page, believe it or not, one used to read: House of Lords, House of Rest for Christian Workers.) Alas, this juxtaposition has been broken up by a terrace of new Houses; a great pity, because the idea of a House of Beauty and Charm alongside the House of Commons is not so incongruous after all. Before the year is out, there are likely to be Ladies in the Lords.

In a debate on the Life Peers Bill Mr. R. A. Butler remarked slyly that it would be interesting to see who was chosen. That's putting it mildly! Having accepted the principle of sex equality for the nobility, the Government are now faced with choosing the Ladies—a task that makes the Judgment of Paris seem cushy.

The easy way out is to give seats to the couple of dozen noblewomen who are peeresses in their own right. In this distinguished group are a number who would adorn any assembly.

The Baroness Ravensdale, as the daughter of the great Lord Curzon, is acquainted with statesmanship. She was one of the first women to take full advantage of the suffragettes' victories. She has travelled all over the globe. She met Hitler and went to Rudolph Valentino's funeral.

She is an indefatigable organizer of charities, a leader in the Congress of World Faiths—and a powerful advocate of women's right to sit in the Lords. She is a practical person, too. At the last two Coronations she solved the problem of the slipping coronet by clipping it to an Alice-band made of horn. That fixed it, she said, "as firm as the Rock of Gibraltar"—a simile well-suited to her own personality.

Firmness is also the characteristic of another peeress in her own right, Lady Rhondda, of whom Bernard Shaw once said that few of the peer could compete with her for political, managerial and conspicuous editorial ability. She has long run her own paper, *Time & Tide* (so-called because it waits for no man), and is at present engaged in a brave and resourceful struggle to keep it alive in face of rising costs. To look at her, one would never guess that she had Done Time for setting fire to letter-boxes in Cardiff (as a militant suffragette) or that she had been picked up out of the Atlantic after the sinking of the Lusitania. Lady Rhondda has a real feeling for politics; she is a passionate enemy of State interference.

As the Government's intention is to broaden the basis of the House of Lords, however, they will not restrict their choice to those already ennobled. They will look elsewhere, and par-





MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT. Lady Tweedsmuir has sat for South Aberdeen since 1946. Her second husband, whom she married in 1948, sits in the Lords



JUDGE. Miss Rose Heilbron, Q.C., was appointed the first woman Recorder in 1956. She has had more success at the criminal bar than any other woman barrister



BUSINESS WOMAN. Miss Enid Channelle, a director of the Maryon Fashion Group, went to New York recently to add to her chain of businesses

ticularly in the House of Commons. Women M.P.s are not, perhaps, natural candidates for promotion to ermine, because they tend to be aggressive. Indeed, they have to be to reach Westminster in the first place and get things done after they have arrived. Aggressiveness in the Lords would never do. That Chamber may not be a House of Rest for Christian Workers, but urbanity and courtesy are the rule: you don't cry "Rubbish!" you say, "My Lords, I beg to dissent."

Could Dame Irene Ward, for instance, be happy amid such gentility? This battling Tory Member of Tynemouth is accustomed to a more red-blooded political life. She is not afraid to knock pots off Cabinet Ministers (Tory or Socialist), particularly on questions affecting women's rights. Miss Elaine Burton, the Labour Member for Coventry South, is another fighter. She has the determination of an Olympic runner (which she was), is bright of eye and wears amusing hats. But I think she could adapt her style to the understatement that is traditional in the Senior Witan.

Lady Tweedsmuir, the charmer who represents Aberdeen South, has all the virtues loved by the Lords. She smiles when she is making a speech; she looks beautiful; she cozens rather than bulldozes. But, Tory though she is, she has some strong views about their lordships' House. She wants to reform it much more radically than the Government have it in mind to do. Still, she would be at ease on the other side of the Palace of Westminster, where she would have the company and advice of her husband.

Surely, nobody could leave out Lady Astor from the first list of women peers. She was the first woman M.P. to take her seat (Countess Markievicz was the first to be elected but, as a Sinn Feiner, she boycotted Westminster) and she deserves to be among the first to grace the scarlet benches of the Lords, too. Her wit and vivacity would endear her to the Upper House even if her teetotalism were less popular.

Lady Violet Bonham-Carter is another "must". Prime Minister's daughter, she has lived in a political atmosphere all her life, understands the art of government and is, perhaps, the most brilliant woman speaker in the country. But now that the influence of the Liberals seems to be increasing, especially after the recruitment of Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter to the Commons, there may be an understandable reluctance on the

part of the Government to put his formidable mother in the Lords.

We need charm and intelligence, and we won't exclude beauty, but is there really a place for TV personalities and entertainers? Lady Olivier, for instance, has already delivered a "maiden speech" in the Lords (when she uttered her protest against the destruction of the St. James's Theatre). But would she feel quite at home during a debate on, say, the Overseas Resources Bill or the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board?

I think politicians' wives are more likely to provide candidates of the right calibre. There is Lady Mancroft, the wife of the Minister Without Portfolio. She takes an informed and active interest in politics, has five children and runs a house with 84 steps between kitchen and nursery. (Lord Mancroft says this tends to sharpen relations between Cook and Nanny, but Lady Mancroft's tact overcomes these hazards.)

On the Labour side, Lady Pakenham has a strong claim. She not only has eight children but is blessed with both beauty and blazing commonsense. She sympathizes with Miss Hermione Baddeley's opinion that there are too many men in politics, and too few elsewhere.

Lady Pakenham has plenty of other provocative views: husbands should witness the birth of their children to increase family solidarity and to provide moral support. Her husband, the Labour peer and chairman of the National Bank of Ireland, was on hand when one of their children was born.

Then I come to business women. One or two of them should surely be included: Miss Enid Channelle, for example, who runs a chain of shops. Lady Swaythling is another strong possibility. Anybody who has controlled a quarter of a million women would find the country a rest-cure. The former Controller of the A.T.S. says that women resent being resented, but no noble lord could possibly resent her.

Turning to the academic world there is Miss L. S. Sutherland, Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. She turned down Oxford's Regius Professorship of History. It would be a worse loss if she refused a coronet.

And so, quite soon, the Ladies will be saying "Shall we join the Lords?" It only remains to anticipate a time when a Lady Chancellor sits on the Woolsack. With Miss Rose Heilbron about, we could do worse at that.



ACTRESS. Miss Vivien Leigh became the first woman to speak in the Lords—unofficially over the closing of the St. James's Theatre



WAR LEADER. Lady Swaythling was Chief Controller and Director of the Auxiliary Territorial Service from 1941-43

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

Forty pipe dreams at the Folies

EASTER, like Christmas, comes but once a year and both bring good cheer. The Folies Bergère comes every two years bringing double the dose, but it is good cheer of a very different order!

This spring the Folies present *Folies Légères* and, as usual, have collected riches from every scene of the creation and every work of art. It is the 30th super-spectacular revue that Paul Derval has given Paris since 1919, and one wonders how he does it, which is just another way of wondering at his persistence. Again in this production all the traditions of the Folies are observed, from the customary 13 letters that spell the title to the 40 amazing décors that create an illusion of immensity on a stage that, in reality, is tiny, to the costumes that are so richly heavy with gold embroidery and strass that in the dressing-rooms they hang from the ceiling and are lowered, by pulleys, on to the shoulders of the showgirls waiting below to be clad. The showgirls are exquisite. The showboys are blond and beautiful. The scenes that represent a ball at the Tuileries, the Gay Nineties, Velasquez's studio, Midnight bathing, the Lights of Paris—it is impossible to name them all—are as sumptuous as can be desired. No wonder that when the last curtain falls on a dazzling vision of overwhelming splendour one feels, as one so often does after too rich a meal, somewhat groggy.

It must be added, of course, that such spectacles are for spectators to whom the "tuppence coloured" of existence means everything. This year M. Derval has been a little lavish with his paint. A ha'porth of "penny plain" would have been welcomed. One wonders what has become of the perky little comedian whose cheery vulgarity expressed the Paris of the Place Pigalle. We are told that "foreign" visitors, who do not understand French, were not entertained by his antics. But we also miss André Randall, the polyglot actor whose cosmopolitan sketches were the delight of British, Italian, German, American and Spanish visitors to Paris.

It must not be imagined that the captions critic does not find humour in the gorgeous show presented to him, but it is presented quite unintentionally. It was droll to see Madame Récamier played by a delicately tinted lady when there were so many white girls to choose from. On the other hand we were not allowed to ignore the ivory whiteness of the lovelorn damsel who, having failed to attract the notice of a certain young man by what might be called "ordinary means," disrobes on the balcony of his room and then raps on the window! It may

be gathered that any pretext is good enough to display the white or tinted loveliness of the Folies Bergère's famous *marinequins du nu*. I have the impression that this year they are less nude than usual. The lady of the balcony keeps her hat on, others sport gloves or beplumed head-dresses, and all wear jewellery where one does not usually expect to see it.

The Folies Bergère may not spell felicity to all-comers, but it does mean thrills and enchantment to a great many. It must simply be looked upon as an institution that has been patronized from father to son (and nowadays daughter), since it was founded in 1869.

I hope that formalists will not accuse me of a

nation and their patrons appear to be particularly gullible but most of them are odd-jobbers and not in search of curios. They find treasures in the way of tools, spare parts, rusty skeleton keys, old carriage lamps (so decorative when a lick of paint has been given and the brass rubbed up), old helmets that can be turned into jardinières, and enough pots and pans to set up an army of tinkers.

The "Varnishing Day" of Paul de Cordon's beautifully grouped and lighted compositions took place this week at the Galerie Pierre Bailly. "Varnishing" in this case takes inverted commas since matt photographs have no use for varnish. Opening Day would be more correct, and it was

a grand event. M. de Cordon specializes in camera pictures of the circus; he is famed for his work, and all the circus world, as well as the usual habitués of art galleries, were present to admire and congratulate. It was more like a studio party of old friends. The Pierre Baill Gallery is a little off the beaten track and is to be found at the quieter end of the rue de Grenelle near the Champs de Mars. A large plate glass window gives on to the street and the children of the quarter flattened their noses against the glass all the afternoon.

The arrival of the habitués did not arouse great enthusiasm, but when the Fratellini family arrived in costume excitement ran high. In Paris, where the cirque Medrano and the cirque d'Hiver are open—and crowded—all the year round, great clowns rank with great actors in the hearts of the circus fans, and Albert, who is the survivor of the celebrated trio formed by François, Gustave and Albert Fratellini, was immediately recognized and cheered; his sons, also in costume, had their share of the welcome and an SOS was sent out to

the nearest *commissariat* for a couple of policemen to clear the pavement.

A wise precaution for the next arrival caused a riot! It was not because Madame Nazarova is a very seductive young woman, and her presentation of trained tigers from the Moscow circus is breathtaking, but because she brought a three-month-old tiger cub with her. She arrived in a taxi with the cub (about the size of a Skye terrier) tucked under her arm, and it stole the show. Not once did it show its claws or snarl, and it had an engaging way of pushing its head against the palm of one's hand like a cat. The only people who seemed nervous were the *agents de police*; they gave one anxious glance and sent for reinforcement.

It was a most successful "Varnishing Day," but I returned to the gallery on the following afternoon to see Paul de Cordon's remarkable camera pictures properly.



Off the Champs-Elysées

regrettable witticism if I now write of the Foire aux Jambon—or Ham Market—at the boulevard Richard Lenoir. The open air booths and stands displaying all the delectable foods that the French call "*cochonailles*" (pig meat) form a spectacular show. The pink and white hams, the pallid—and rather pathetic—"trotters," the dark purple of the spiced *boudins*, the . . . but enough, perhaps pork does not spell felicity to all-comers either! At the same time as the Ham Market, the Foire à la Feraille (Old Iron Market) may be visited farther along the boulevard. There one finds excitement and adventure. One never knows what one may come across. It is said that a bath tub belonging to the Du Barry was found there, also the spurs of the chevalier de Bayard, the dagger that slew the good King Henry of France and the knife of the guillotine that decapitated Robespierre! The vendors of scrap iron have a vivid imagi-



MEMBERS of the Surrey Yeomanry and their guests came up to London for a dinner dance held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Above: Mrs. A. D. Miller, Brigadier A. D. Miller, Commander of the 131 (Surrey & Sussex) Infantry Brigade, Captain Peter Winch, who organized the ball, and Brigadier B. A. G. Jones

THE SURREY YEOMANRY hold a ball in London



Miss Judith Crawfurd, one of this year's débutantes, with Mr. James Ferard



Miss Elizabeth Adams and Captain John Morrell, an officer of this T.A. unit



A. V. Swaebe
Major Kenneth Ohlson, Commander of the Yeomanry's Reigate Battery, and Mrs. Ohlson



Major and Mrs. Angus Campbell. The Yeomanry is a field unit of the Royal Artillery



Mrs. R. A. Morritt and her brother Lt.-Col. B. H. Tyldesley-Jones, C.O. of the regiment. He will be retiring this summer. The regimental silver was on display for the evening



Major Peter Cantlay, 2nd-in-command of the regiment, Mrs. Dennis Waugh, and Mrs. Norman Mitchell



Brigadier B. A. G. Jones, Commandant Royal Artillery, 44th Home Counties Infantry Division, Territorial Army, and Mrs. Jones



THE HUNTER TRIALS of the Heythrop Hunt were held at Leys Farm, Steeple Barton, Oxon. Above: Major R. Schuster, a member of the Hunt, who had two horses in the trials, with the Marquess of Blandford riding Simon

THE POINT-TO-POINT of the Heythrop Hunt was held at Fox Farm, Stow-on-the-Wold, a few days after the trials. Below: Mr. Peter Heaton, who farms near Cirencester. He rode Wilfred in the Adjacent Hunts Maiden Race



Mr. J. Kerr Elliot who rode Hands Up and Paul. He is with Mrs. D. Mackinnon, one of the joint-Masters of the Hunt



Mrs. Philip Fleming, trials organiser for Class I Heythrop horses. Below: Mr. E. Lyon, who rode Ma

Above:

THE
HUNTER
TRIALS



At the



Lord Ashton of Hyde, whose cup is awarded for the Open Race. He is a former M.F.H. of the Heythrop



Mr. J. Shedden, who is Field Master of the Hon. Mrs. Shedden, a daughter of Mr. Shedden farms in



Lady Rotherwick with Mrs. Ronnie Wallace whose husband has been a joint-Master of the Heythrop for six years



Van Hallan

Miss G. Newman riding Stranger III over the gate in confident style during the open event

eythrop THE POINT- TO-POINT



P. C. Palmer
Winner of the Ladies' Race was Miss P. Rushton, on her Mr. Teddy. She comes from the Warwickshire Hunt



the Cotswold Hunt, with the second Lord Vestey, Northleach

THEATRE

The furs—and the laughs—fly

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

MIXED-UP kids are all the rage in modern drama. After many hours of studying their rather dreary behaviour it was about time that we were given the chance to learn that the mixed-up are not all of one class or of one age and that they are not all painful to contemplate. Mr. Peter Coke's pleasantly nonsensical *Breath Of Spring* at the Cambridge is exactly the relaxation we have earned.

Miss Athene Seyler's Dame of the British Empire and the friends who lodge with her in a roomy Kensington flat are outwardly highly respectable and much given to charitable works. But look more closely at the dowager (Miss Mary Merrill), the retired brigadier (Mr. Michael Shepley), the mender of broken china (Miss Elspeth Duxbury) and the mender of non-U accents (Miss Hazel Hughes) and it will be seen that they are as mixed-up inside themselves as any group of teenagers jiving about in jeans or stove-pipe trousers. They have begun to feel faded. They may know that they are old dears, but they know also that they give way to bored petulance rather more often than old dears should.

Salvation comes to them in the oddest way. They are faced with the embarrassing necessity of returning a mink stole which has been filched from a neighbouring flat by a well meaning but light-fingered maid. Merely to return it with an apology would be to let the neighbours guess that the maid had a criminal record, and this

her charitable employer will not have happen at any cost. Miss Seyler would rather take the risk of holding on to the stole which is, after all, a beautiful piece of mink. The brigadier realizes that nothing but a carefully planned military operation can save the situation. He at once takes the matter in hand. At "O seven hours" precisely the owner of the stole must be pinned to the telephone. At "O seven one" her man must be got to open the door of her flat. He must be decoyed down the stairs where a lady will faint in his arms. The flat porters meanwhile will have been distracted from their duties, and at the pre-determined split second the daring brigadier himself will swiftly penetrate the enemy lines and dump the incriminating fur.

Everything goes off like clockwork and the elated old dears could wish that it were all to do again, especially the fluttery little spinster who has thrown herself fainting into the arms of a man. A breath of spring has come to them. They had almost forgotten how deliciously dangerous life could be. Inevitably it occurs to Miss Seyler that if replacing a stolen fur is exciting, how much more exciting it must be to steal furs from women who have too many, to find a "fence" and hand over the proceeds to deserving charities.

No retired brigadier could be expected to resist such an endless prospect of strenuous and effective precision planning and in a little while they are all in a big way of business. The divan

Light-fingered Lily (Joan Sims) with the mink that starts off the trouble

is packed with rich furs in transit, the cushions are stuffed with banknotes, keys to secret receptacles are hidden in suspended flower-pots and all Miss Seyler's favourite charities are doing so well that she looks forward confidently to extending her benevolent activities "outside the London area." Every shop-lifting raid owes its success mainly to the military time-table worked out by the brigadier, but it is wonderful how each old lady finds an outlet for her hitherto misused talents. The speech-therapist can imitate voices and decoy victims on the telephone, the patient fingers of the mender of china become inspired to heights of dexterity when driven by the criminal's fear of being caught, and the gracious dowager has the social nerve needed to mask the predatory movements of her nefarious associates.

Inventive and genuinely funny playing keeps the parlour game going amusingly till the police arrive. What headway can Scotland Yard possibly make against Miss Seyler's superb display of mindless decrepitude? Afterward there is plenty of time for Dame Beatrice and the demurely determined Lady Miller to work out which of them is going to have the brigadier as the hero of her autumn romance. The brigadier himself is genially unconcerned as to which woman wins him so long as he is allowed to work out the time-table for the wedding operation. Mixed-up these old dears undoubtedly are, but they are an indomitable gay lot.



Light-fingered Lily (Joan Sims) with the mink that starts off the trouble

Glen Williams



Glen Williams

THE BRIGADIER (Michael Shepley) finds that the chief hazard of "winning" fur coats for charity is the temperamental nature of his assistants in crime, and that his habit of command is powerless against incipient hysteria in the ranks. The ladies

who find themselves committed to a most deplorable series of antics are (left to right) Dame Beatrice Appleby (Athene Seyler), Miss Elizabeth Hatfield (Elspeth Duxbury), Miss Nanette Parry (Hazel Hughes) and Alice, Lady Miller (Mary Merrill)



George Konig

Mr. (Hamlet) Scofield takes to 'rock'

ACTOR Paul Scofield, who played Hamlet for the Old Vic in Moscow, tries something new in a play opening at London's Saville Theatre on 23 April. He sings and dances. His numbers are called *I Never Had It So Good* and *I Had To Get Off The Gravy Train*. The play is by Wolf Mankowitz and is about teenage tastes. It is called *Expresso Bongo*. With Scofield in the play is James Kenny (above, foreground)

CINEMA

Such tiresome tristesse

by ELSPETH GRANT

JUST why Mlle. Francoise Sagan has become a national figure in her native France I have yet to discover. Perhaps if I read her books I should understand—but there was nothing about the trivial ballet, *Rendezvous Manque*, and there is nothing about Mr. Otto Preminger's film *Bonjour, Tristesse*, to persuade me that the stories by Mlle. Sagan on which they are based could seriously be regarded as literature.

Mr. Preminger's "discovery", Miss Jean Seberg, whom I find most attractive, does her best (but as far as I am concerned, fails) to enlist sympathy for Miss Sagan's heroine—a spoilt and idle chit of eighteen, first seen drifting discontentedly from night-club to night-club in a Paris, photographed in black and white, which looks as gloomy as she obviously feels. In the mistaken belief that you will be interested to know why she is cut off from enjoying her useless life by "an invisible wall of memories", she tells her story.

Comes the flashback—and a glorious burst of colour upon the screen. It is summer and Miss Seberg is enjoying a holiday on the Riviera with her cad of a father, Mr. David Niven, and his latest girl-friend, deliciously frivolous Mlle. Mylene Demongeot. The blissful amorality of it all is marred by the arrival of a good woman, Miss Deborah Kerr—looking slightly haggard with virtue. Mr. Niven runs an approving eye over her and wonders why, in the fifteen years he has known her, he has never had an affair with her.

Dropping Mlle. Demongeot, he goes to work on Miss Kerr. Though he gives her the full charm routine ("What a fake!" says Miss Seberg adoringly, as she watches him at it), he has to become engaged to Miss Kerr before she allows herself to be seduced. Miss Seberg, who is somewhat unhealthily possessive about her father, is livid—and when Miss Kerr starts behaving like a stepmamma, the dear girl decides to break up the romance.

With the delighted assistance of Mlle. Demongeot, she succeeds so triumphantly that Miss Kerr rushes off in her high-powered car and kills herself. Since then, Miss Seberg (back in black and white) has taken to brooding in the *boîtes*: the champagne has lost its sparkle, the caviare its savour and nothing is fun any more. Poor little thing, you say, being kind-hearted—but not I: I find her a very tiresome girl. The sunlit Riviera scenes are lovely to look at, the clothes (by Givenchy) covetable, and Signor Walter Chiari as an exuberant South American millionaire provides one intoxicating moment of gaiety which proves that Mr. Preminger is capable of the lighter touch though his direction is, on the whole, heavy-handed.

From Spain comes an enchanting comedy, *Calabuch*—directed by Senor Luis G. Berlanga, who was responsible for that joyous little piece, *Welcome, Mr. Marshal*. Mr. Edmund Gwenn gives a beautiful and touching performance as an ageing scientist, inventor of the atom bomb, who turns up at the little fishing village of Calabuch, endears himself to the simple inhabitants, shares in their innocent pleasures and their less innocent smuggling activities, lives

happily in the local prison and, in making fireworks, finds at last a use for his knowledge which involves no destruction or violent death.

Alas, his fireworks are so spectacular—visible in two hemispheres—that his identity is revealed and the world of science, from which he has been a fugitive, reclaims him. Senor Berlanga skips through the pleasing little story with the eager enthusiasm of a child showing off his treasures. Meet his friends—the handsome smuggler (Senor Franco Fabirzi), the wily priest (Senor Jose Isbert), the gentle schoolmistress (Signorina Valentina Cortese), the pompous police chief and the chess-playing lighthouse-keeper, and enjoy with him the local festivities, the delightful religious procession, the hilarious mock bullfight, and the splendid fireworks display. You will, I am sure, be utterly charmed. The dialogue is in Spanish (some of it dubbed—but for once this does not matter) and there are English subtitles.

As a contribution to world peace and (incidentally or accidentally) to the gaiety of nations, Japan sends us a science fiction film, *Mysterious Satellite*—directed with great deliberation by Mr. Koji Shima. The chief thing in its favour is that it does suggest that visitors from outer space are not necessarily hostile.

The Pairans, living on "a star called Pairea", are so well-disposed towards us that they send down emissaries in a spaceship to warn us of what will happen if we persist in using atom and H bombs on one another. Unfortunately the Pairans look so peculiar—like huge starfish with one whacking great eye in their middles—that they inspire only terror. Nobly determined to get their message across, they resign themselves to becoming as ugly as human beings.

They are then able to tell us of a planet named "R" which is running into our orbit and will shortly collide with and demolish the Earth. This disaster can only be averted if we can bring ourselves to bombard the intruder with all—positively all—the atomic and hydrogen bombs there are in the world. Personally, I am definitely in favour—anything to get rid of the beastly things—but it takes the scientists of all nations a long while to agree to what is virtually total disarmament.

At last the wisdom of the Pairans prevails—and with one magnificent BANG the planet "R" is blown to smithereens, and we can breathe freely in the knowledge that there isn't a single nuclear weapon left on the entire globe. The pace of the film is slow, the colour photography good and the English subtitles (written, I should guess, by a Japanese) are most entertaining.

A Dublin dustman, played with great good humour by Mr. John Gregson, is the hero of *Rooney*—a rollicking comedy directed by Mr. George Pollock. Miss Muriel Pavlow is the decent, down-trodden girl with whom he falls in love and Mr. Barry Fitzgerald is the darlin' ould divil who regards the pair of them with a benign, if watery, eye, routs Miss Pavlow's grasping and snobbish relatives and makes it possible for her to live happily ever after with Mr. Gregson—who is only too glad to escape from amorous landladies to a nice little home of his own.

WOMEN IN NEW FILMS



LUCIANA PALUZZI will star opposite Stanley Baker in *Sea Fury*, a story about sea-going salvage tugs. The film was partly shot in Spain



ELIZABETH TAYLOR will soon be seen as Susanna in *Raintree County*. Shortly before he was killed, her husband Mike Todd declared that this was her best-ever performance



JOAN GREENWOOD plays in *Stage Struck*, a new American film in Technicolor. This British actress is building a big reputation in America



BOOKS by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

The magic of Everest

IN common with a good many other women, I cannot get the hang of why heroic explorers are impelled to climb difficult and dangerous mountains under appalling climatic conditions. In spite of this doggedly anti-romantic, but-why-just-they-insist-on-being-so-brave? prejudice, I am quite illogically a slave to Everest literature, of which James Morris's *Coronation Everest* (Faber, 16s.) is the latest magical addition.

Mr. Morris, a remarkable fellow in his own right, was *The Times* Correspondent covering the Everest triumph in 1953, and he wrote his book two years later "just for the fun of it"—and or more than that too; in spite of his wry, detached tone of voice. When great mountaineers write books, their prose often takes on summit-qualities—an icy purity, a snow-white precision, an intimidating, classical sternness. Mr. Morris writes like a master-correspondent, levelly, casually, sharp-eyed and richly funny. He is alarmed by Everest, and far from unmoved by heroism, skill and tenacity, but his attitude is strictly non-mystical. "While I had always admired Mallory's famous reason for wanting to climb Everest, I was convinced that it would be there next week," or "If I were a climber, I could be a rich one, and stay at the best hotels, and be driven to the rock-face, and return like the old heroes of Everest to chicken-in-aspic."

In fact Mr. Morris must have done pretty well as a workaday climber, in spite of the rueful picture he presents of himself as a hopefully travelling innocent with trailing shoelaces, misted goggles and perpetually tangled rope. He emphasizes his humble apart-ness from the expedition ("Hunt had said that I must be self-sufficient, and I prepared to eat my own yak-meat in solitary grandeur: but somehow the scheme fell through....") Much of the time he is simply concentrating on the serious but also very comic business of getting his dispatches

back to London past the keen-eyed scoops-pirates from other papers who were lurking about in the friendliest possible manner in the foothills.

I love this unsoulful, perceptive, very human book, because Mr. Morris speaks to non-heroes and makes them understand what the Everest expedition was like.

Anyone who shares my obsessive passion for letters and journals should make sure of reading *Two Lovers in Rome* (edited by Louis Desernes, translated by Gerard Hopkins, Andre Deutsch, 21s.). This, in spite of its wide-screen, woman's-interest title, is in fact a fascinating and irresistible week-to-week account of how Monsieur Delécluze, highly conscious of middle-age, highly intelligent, full of sensibility and awful misgivings, unwillingly fell in love with Madame Récamier's enigmatic niece Amélie Cyvoc and lost her to another man. Also present is Ampère, a sort of Charles-his-friend character, who was at the time despairingly devoted to Madame Récamier herself. This picture of an enclosed, hyper-civilized society, all analysing each other's affections and reactions and discussing them in tender, clever terms, all revolving round that chatty sorceress Madame Récamier, is as intriguing as brilliant conversation heard through a half-open door. Madame Récamier, with her perfect tact and understanding, her femininity and her signature-phrase "Until tomorrow," seems to me to emerge as a sort of witty, oh-how-sensitive spider, the woman made of muslin and reinforced steel who never likes to see a party come to an end.

Etienne-Jean Delécluze himself, perplexed and unhappy, comes through as a man of charm and agonized honesty, living in a climate of autumn, and writing to his little idol: "Oh! I shall long remember how you looked with your ash-blond hair, and the blue, yellow and pink

MEN IN NEW BOOKS

L. to r.: George Alexander, from W. Macqueen Pope's *St. James's, Theatre Of Distinction* (W. H. Allen & Co.); Juan Carlos, son of the Spanish Pretender, and General Franco's probable successor, from Sir Charles Petrie's *The Spanish Royal House* (Geoffrey Bles); and Napoleon (by David) from *Napoleon In His Time*, by Jean Savant (Putnam & Co.)

ribbons on your shoulders from which hung suspended the mantle which brings so vividly back into my memory the night of the Aliberti ball."

The book which has given me perhaps the greatest pleasure this month is not new—a Penguin edition (at 3s. 6d.) of Betty Miller's masterly *Robert Browning*, first published six years ago. Mrs. Miller is one of that select band of women (it includes Cecil Woodham-Smith and C. V. Wedgwood) who write so brilliantly that scholarship becomes not merely inviting but intoxicating. It is a ruthless and thoroughly alarming book, that incidentally reveals Elizabeth Barrett as not at all like dear Norma Shearer, all smiles and spaniel-curls—but as a woman of frightening intensity and wilfulness, subject to headaches and inexplicable pains, working like a beaver in a shuttered, dust-blanketed room, and finally tenderly devouring a husband who longed for a marriage that was "a prolongation of the conditions of his own childhood." Those who like to think of Browning as a robust God's-in-his-heaven extrovert will find the whole thing a nasty shock—it was Elizabeth herself who had to straighten out Robert's misreading of train-timetables for the elopement. Four days after she died, her son's ringlets were lopped and he went into long trousers; and Browning, the passionate, the devoted, began to discover an identity of his own.

Whether or not you have ever plodded through *Evelina* (or galloped through the marvellous *Diary*), read Professor Joyce Hemlow's big *History of Fanny Burney* (O.U.P., 35s.), the remarkable lady whose books were so admired by Doctor Johnson ("Oh, she's a toad!") he cried in a fit of exuberant affection) and by those lady-readers, her contemporaries, who used to remind each other luxuriously of how Miss Burney's novels had made them cry.



When Paris wears wool...

A Guy Laroche suit made of navy wool. Is short-skirted with an easy fitting, bloused jacket, lined with silk navy and white houndstooth which is also used for the blouse. Casual beret is of white suede

Right: A Guy Laroche coat designed to go overall. The front fullness is balanced by an equal fullness at the back, falling from a high yoke. In grey-checked wool, it is typical of today's teenage look



WORN the Paris way, in a dress, a suit and a coat, wool can assume a varied and provocative outline. The Paris silhouette is already being copied in the fashion centres of the world—a clear proof that this year's spring fashions are easy to wear as well as striking to look at

Right: A Jacques Griffe wool dress. Loose-fitting over the torso, it tapers to the hemline—the "easy look" with all its apparent simplicity. Flirting with colour Griffe tops it with a hat of lemon felt



Michel Molinare

Purl—but never plain

WHAT used to be the homely art of one-purl-one-plain has become so intricate that it is now difficult to identify "knitwear." Modern machines can produce knitted fabrics that look like worsteds, tweeds and ottomans; fabrics with so many stitches to the inch that it is impossible to tell one from the other; fabrics that do not seat or lose their shape in any way; that have brought knitting right into the realms of high fashion





Left: a Swiss dress in cream jersey. The matching belt is made of calf leather. A Hanro model at Swyzerli obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove, London, and J. R. Taylor, St. Anne's-on-Sea. Price: about 24 gns. Beret by Condor

From France a jersey two-piece in which white is allied with cream ribbed stripes. Again today's casual, easy fitting lines. A Saint Joseph model at Harrods, London. Price: 15½ gns. The straw breton is by Gina Davies, Brook Mews, W.1



stitch of yesterday for the fashion of today



Left: A Rima coat adapted from Paris. In cream jersey wool, it has a curved "beetle" back and brown suede buttons. Price: about 28½ gns. At Fortnum & Mason and Florence Woods, Leeds. The hat is by Gina Davies, of Brooks Mews, London, W.1



Centre: Two-toned two-piece by Jaeger. Jersey in combinations of navy with red or yellow, black with blue, or green with white. The suit is edged with ribbing. At Jaeger's, Regent Street or Sloane Street branches, London. Price: 15½ gns. Hat by Condor

Right: Knitted in France, an Anny Blatt model which has the appearance of a tweed. In blue-and-white cotton jersey, it has all the virtues of the sack allied to the comfort of knitwear. Price: about 22 gns. At Morell, Curzon Street, W.1

Michel Molinare



A case

The summer party dress in printed cotton (*left*) is made in several colour combinations ; honey with gold, sea-blue with green, strawberry-pink and red. At Harvey Nichols, London ; Cavendish House, Cheltenham ; Rackham's, Birmingham ; Chanel, Leeds. Price : about 10 gns.

DIFFERENT styling can give the same cotton print an entirely changed personality, as these two Marcus models show. The dress-and-jacket is designed for the sophisticated woman ; the short sleeveless dress opposite for teenagers-plus. It is the line rather than the fabric itself which determines the character and function of a model

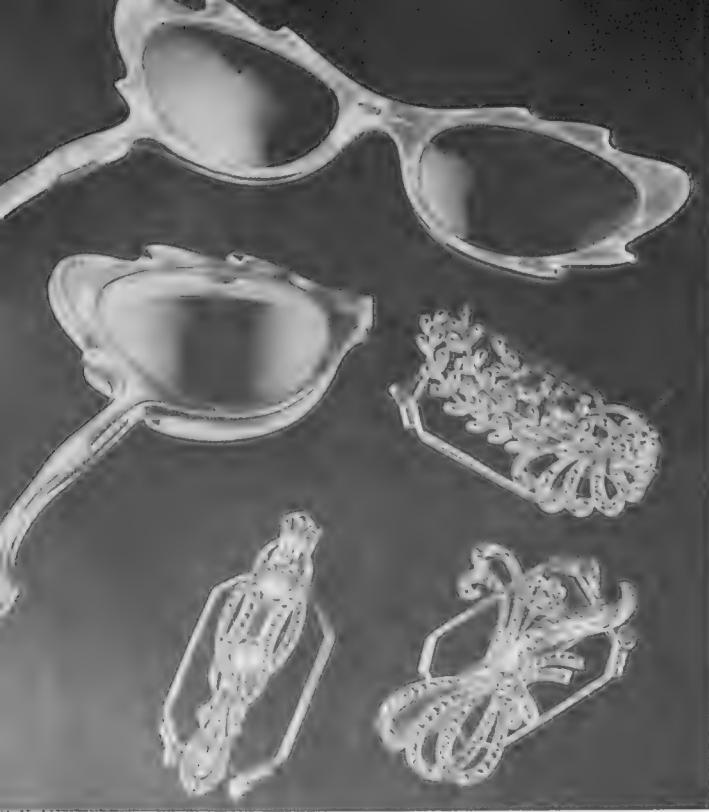
of dual personality



Brien Kirley

The sheath dress in the same cotton print as the model opposite is shown with and without its tailored jacket, which is lined throughout. Available in the same colour combinations as the other model. At Marshall & Snelgrove, London ; Daly's, Glasgow ; and Williams & Hopkins, Bournemouth. Price : about 18 gns. Hat of Baku straw by R.M. Hats of Grosvenor Street, W.1

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



Lorgnettes add extra elegance. Top: Pink pearl lorgnettes (£5 5s.). Centre right: In marcasite and blue stones (£11 5s. 6d.). Bottom left: In marcasite and pearl (£13 13s.). Bottom right: In a marcasite knot design (£11 11s.). Harrods

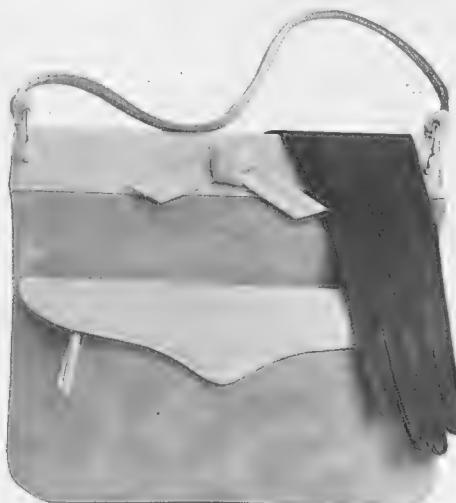


New touches for belts. Top: Jewels on red satin (£2 7s. 6d.). Centre: Ladybird novelties on red suede (£2 17s. 6d.). Bottom: Diamante edging to black suede (£3 12s. 6d.). Woollands

SHOPPING

Finishing touches

by JEAN STEELE



Left: An elegant beige bag (£8 7s. 6d.) and elbow-length hand-stitched suede gloves in brown to tone (£4 17s. 6d.). Asprey & Co. Ltd.

Handbags (left) by Madame Roberts of Venice who recently won an award for these original designs (£30 9s. and £26 5s.), Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd. Below, left: Black calf handbag (£25 4s.) and black pure-silk scarf with velvet feather motif (£9 11s.) Elizabeth Arden, Ltd.



Right: A white collar trimmed with embroidery, top (£2 5s. 9d.) and (bottom), an American-style circular collar in white pique (£3 7s. 6d.). Harrods

Fashion Phantom

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BEAUTY

Keeping spruce the quick way

by JEAN CLELAND



A NEW soap that has just come out is an example of how science is bringing labour-saving into the world of beauty. This not only cleanses but acts as a deodorant as well. Named "Cidal", the soap includes a colourless deodorant called hexachlorophene. Maybe that does not leave you any the wiser, but it is an ingredient which ensures a personal freshness that lasts throughout the day. In addition to this, "Cidal" includes lanoline, which makes it excellent for a dry skin, and it is also effective for correcting little spots and rashes in teenagers and small children.

Just at the right moment, when a streaming cold has left me bereft of clean handkerchiefs, I have received another trouble-saving product. This is the new small-size "Kleenex Tissues for Men". These smaller tissues are really intended for women, who like those belonging to their husbands so much that they developed a maddening habit of appropriating them. By reason of their strength, these tissues can be used in many ways—for polishing silver and glasses,

cleaning mirrors, and mopping up moisture—apart from the basic function of blowing the nose. It is for this last purpose that the tissues for women have really been made, although why men should have larger handkerchiefs is something that has always puzzled me. I put the problem to one of the Kleenex personnel, who said it is not because a man's nose is bigger, but because his "blow" is stronger. Maybe she is right. Anyway these tissues are useful to have around the house, and the new smaller size ones cost only 1s. a box.

Another new two-in-one product which should prove popular is Gala's new "Finishing Touch". This is a dual purpose hair spray which can be used for a rapid setting of pin curls, and as a spray to keep the hair in place. Outstanding features of "Finishing Touch" are that it is gentle in action, non-sticky, and contains lanoline, which keeps the hair soft and prevents stiffness or dryness.

Certain foodstuffs and other articles, such as photographic film, are sold with a "date of

expiry" so that they may be used while still fresh. Guerlain have adopted similar methods with their range of biological preparations. To be fully effective these products' ingredients must be fresh. To make certain, each will have a limit of sale date clearly marked. This seems to me to be an excellent precaution, which should add to Guerlain's already high reputation for quality and reliability.

For an up-to-the-minute line on hair, I turned to Riché of Hay Hill, who gave me a new style, two views of which can be seen on this page. "This latest design," said Riché, "has been created to supplement the Trapeze fashion envisaged by Yves St. Laurent's spring collection. To complete the ensemble, I have introduced the 'Triangle' look which follows the new trend, and goes with the general outline." I asked for further details of this new look, which was described for me as follows: The overall length of the hair on the crown does not exceed 5 in., is worn practically straight, and arranged around a short centre parting as illustrated.

The sides are softly waved and brushed away from the face toward the centre, back to a soft shingle in the nape of the neck, so that the crown hair falls over bouffant-wise, thereby creating a soft feminine roundness rather high toward the crown. As a suggestion for evening wear, a spray of spring blossoms has been introduced. One bloom is expressly placed at the apex of the Triangle fringe. Suggestive of an Eastern influence maybe, but nonetheless an extremely practical new season coiffure.



TWO VIEWS of Riché's "Triangle" hair style, designed to go with the Trapeze line in dresses. The hair is short, and dressed into a soft, overall bouffant effect





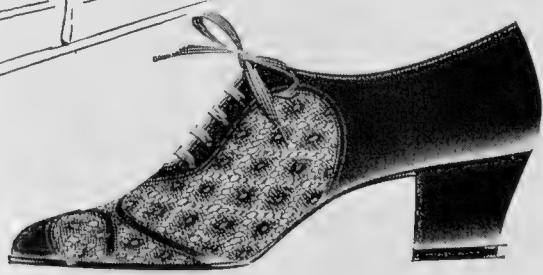
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RECORDS

by GERALD
LASCELLES



The origins of modernism

SINCE 1940 there has been a noticeable trend towards technical excellence in jazz, with a corresponding retreat from this principle in the more open field of popular music. Jazzmen, who had proverbially lived on a shoestring all their lives, found that they could double their earnings by playing radio and later television dates, where the ability to blow hot *ad lib* music was not the sole criterion. The big-band era, ushered in by Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey and Artie Shaw, demanded musicians with reading ability. Concurrently the great Negro bands of the late thirties became proving-grounds for the men who were to lead the progressive school—Charlie Parker from Luncford, Dizzy Gillespie from Calloway, Lester Young from Basie, Fats Navarro from Kirk, and many others.

Progress did not stop at bebop, though many so-called modern ingredients were introduced during this phase, only to recur in the more advanced sounds which followed. Where previously one had listened to clearly defined melody and its harmonic variations, the progressive musicians enlarged the scope, until convention went by the board and one heard "shapes" or phrases of great technical ingenuity, imposed on an extended family of flattened and augmented harmonies.

It is hard to look back with detachment on groups which were playing scarcely ten years ago. I am impressed by the consistency with which alto-player Charlie Parker and trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie produced swinging jazz for all their innovations; how J. J. Johnson, the most inviting of the modern generation of trombonists, has raised himself to a position of esteem among his brother musicians. His recent Fontana L.P., in which he solos throughout in front of a three-piece rhythm section, is a proof of his unique approach to one of the hardest jazz instruments.

Gillespie joins forces with tenor-man Sonny Stitt and altoist Stan Getz to make some exciting small-band jazz, exclusively titled **For Musicians Only** on Columbia. A tag like this can mean everything, or nothing, according to the group's mood; this work demands attention. Stan Getz, one of the rare white musicians who can fairly be said to have kept pace with the swinging Negro moderns (as opposed to the pseudo-styles affected by Brubeck, Mulligan and others) blows impressively to hold a front-line balance of unusual sensitivity.

Though the individuals are not unknown, a new group of contemporaries led by bass-player Curtis Counce appears for the first time. Their degree of arrangement will come as quite a shock to those whose ears are attuned to Chris Barber. Trumpeter Jack Sheldon makes for the top range, and Harold Land plays a tenor which follows the tradition of the great Coleman Hawkins.



Dizzy Gillespie—
a new L.P.

Selected Records

- J. J. JOHNSON—Fontana TFL5005 ; 12-in. L.P., £1 17s. 6½d.
- DIZZY GILLESPIE—Columbia 33CX10095 ; 12-in L.P., £2 1s. 8½d.
- CURTIS COUNCE—Vogue LAC12073 ; 12-in. L.P., £1 18s. 3d.
- BIG BILL BROONZY—Nixa NJE1047 ; E.P., 12s. 10½d.
- MILES DAVIS—Fontana TFL5007 ; 12-in. L.P., £1 17s. 6½d.
- JOHNNY HODGES—Columbia 33CX10098 ; 12-in. L.P., £2 1s. 8½d.



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MOTORING

A word that means comfort



THIS ARTICLE introduces a name new to 'The TATLER'. Gordon Wilkins is the liveliest and most knowledgeable writer in motoring journalism today. He will contribute an article every week

by GORDON WILKINS

ERCONOMICS, like cybernetics, is one of the words which have passed into the jargon of American technology but are not yet widely used over here. But now there is an Ergonomics Research Society devoted to the study of human work and control operations and I am hoping that its members will soon succeed in penetrating into car design offices, where they are urgently needed.

On my present car I can sound town or country horns, switch on the sidelamps, flash the headlamps or dip them, and work the traffic signals, without moving a hand from the steering wheel. One movement of a key unlocks the steering, switches on the ignition and works the starter. There is no choke control to bother with and one hand suffices for both gear lever and hand brake. I have so enjoyed this time-saving convenience that I am not willing to go back to any less convenient system. Fortunately this means that the controls on the dashboard are not too restricted yet I expect some modifications to be made in the course of time.

It makes me wonder how car manufacturers will manage to do it and it is only to move every unnecessary movement by hand that they can do it. I think that a build-up of the car's equipment has been continued along the wrong lines. The plan, instead of being to eliminate work for the driver, has been to allow him to pull out the other end of the string and work the starter with the right hand, or move gear with the left hand and then risk his life with the right?

It must have been illegal for a quarter of a century to sound the horn at night in built-up areas yet even now there are only two or three British cars with provision for quick headlamp-flashing as a nocturnal warning. Lack of a headlamp flasher can now be really dangerous in fast Continental traffic. At present speeds on modern motor roads horns no longer penetrate far enough ahead of a fast-moving car and the headlamps take their place. There are moreover many deaf drivers, but none who are actually blind, and flashing headlamps are noticed in the driving mirror long before the horn is heard.

Driving with a director of one of our most famous factories making high-performance cars, I recently noticed that he had a headlamp-flasher on his steering column. "Wouldn't be without it," he said. "One of these saved my life last year. I had just pulled out to pass a line of trucks on a narrow German road when I caught the flash of headlamps in the distance. I got back into line mighty fast and a second or so later a 300 SL Merc went by at nearly 100. I just hadn't spotted him and if he hadn't flashed it would have been very unpleasant."

"Then why," I asked, "do you sell cars without flashers?"

"That," he replied, "is a matter of high policy over which I have no control."

A week later I was driving in Paris with the local manager for another famous British group. He had just received the first sample of a new sports saloon and the first thing he did was to fit a flasher switch.

Seat design also offers immense scope for the ergonomics experts. As an Italian colleague has recently pointed out, it is fundamentally unsound to put the human form on a sprung cushion and then rub it up and down against a fixed backrest. In one car I tried recently the seat springs gave me such a bouncy ride over rough roads that they cancelled out much of the comfort which had been built into the chassis by the suspension designers. One of the most comfortable seats I ever enjoyed was a sports-car seat which fitted like a glove but had no springs at all.

Pedal layouts also vary enormously. There are pendant pedals on which no adequate pressure can be exerted by a woman wearing a high-heeled shoe, and pedals too close together for anyone wearing heavy boots. As a Swedish motorist said to me with exquisite tact in Copenhagen a few weeks ago, "You should remember that there are some nations which have bigger feet than the British."

Automatic clutches and fully automatic transmission have taken much unnecessary effort out of driving but this brings us face to face with the limitations of the process. It is a good thing to eliminate awkward movements which may cause fatigue or confusion but it is not wise to leave the driver with too little to do. On the superb United States motorways where the traffic travels in tight bunches at controlled speeds of about 65 m.p.h. along featureless expanses of concrete, they are now finding that the drivers fall asleep from the sheer monotony of driving at a fixed speed with nothing to do but steer.



ON THE RENAULT DAUPHINE (right) the controls are so arranged (above) that without moving a hand from the steering wheel the headlamps can be dipped or flashed, traffic signals worked, sidelamps switched on, and town or country horn sounded



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DINING IN

Civilizing the egg

by HELEN BURKE

EVERY year, when the "full flush" of eggs is with us, many of us turn to eggs for main dishes several times a week. They have the advantage of requiring no immediate shopping and the cost is well below that of fish or meat. Further, eggs are a really good source of protein.

Simply boiled, poached, scrambled or in omelets, eggs are wonderful, but we know, or should know, other recipes as well. The first step for ambitious cooks is to buy some little cocottes or egg poachers in earthenware, porcelain or oven glass. They are not expensive and can be used for any number of other dishes.

Oeufs en Cocotte à la Crème is the simplest, and the beginning of all these egg cocotte dishes.

Start by pouring a little melted butter into each heated individual cocotte. Add a tablespoon or more of double cream. Break a fresh egg into each. Add a sprinkle of salt. Over each egg pour $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of melted butter in a thin thread. Stand the dishes in a shallow pan of boiling water. Cover and place in the middle of the oven at 375 deg. F. or gas mark 5. In 4 to 5 minutes, the eggs should be perfectly cooked.

A variation is *Oeufs en Cocotte Chasseur*. For 4 servings, chop a small onion and fry it with 2 thin rashers of streaky bacon, cut in tiny pieces. Cook 2 chicken livers in well-flavoured stock. Chop them finely and mix them with the onion and bacon. Place a little in each of 4 buttered cocottes, drop in the 4 eggs and top with the remainder of the mixture. Cook as above.

For another change, try the following: Chop 3 to 4 skinned and deseeded small tomatoes. Simmer them with a chopped tiny onion and season them well. Place a little of this sauce in each of 4 hot buttered cocottes. Drop an egg into each. Melt a small hazel-nut of butter in the remaining sauce, spoon it over the eggs and cook them as before.

Let me remind you of *Oeufs en Surprise*, cooked in slightly larger individual oven dishes. Place a spoonful of cheese soufflé mixture in each dish with, if you like, a slice or two of scampi, first turned in a little butter. Add a sprinkling of tomato sauce, made as in the previous recipe, then a poached egg and 1 to 2 tablespoons of the cheese soufflé mixture on top. Level off. Bake at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 6 until the soufflés rise and are a delicious golden brown.

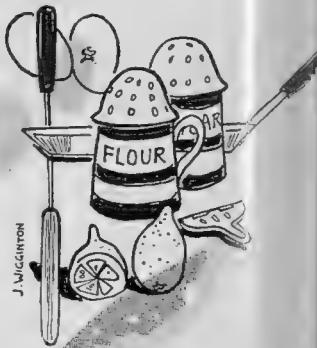
Oeufs à la Tripe are not everyone's favourite, because eggs and onions are not the perfect combination for all. For those who like them, however, here is a recipe to follow: For 4 servings, chop 2 Spanish onions and simmer them in $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter to the translucent stage. Work in $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. flour and, away from the heat, stir in 1 pint milk. Simmer for 15 to 20 minutes. Taste and season. Rub through a sieve or turn into a purée in the electric emulsifier.

Have ready 4 hard-boiled eggs. Cut them into quarters and place them in a heated serving dish. Pour the sauce over them. Add a sprinkling of paprika and serve.

Orange Mousse is one of the most delicate of all the fruit ones. It is a little extravagant on cream, perhaps, but, for special occasions, "quite a dish." You require about 6 oz. orange juice.

Grate the rind only from 3 to 4 oranges. Add 3 oz. sugar and 2 egg yolks and beat well. Stir in the orange juice, then stand the bowl in a pan of almost boiling water and stir until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture thickened a little. Wet a flat small teaspoon of best quality powdered gelatine with a tablespoon of water. Add to the orange mixture and stir until the gelatine is dissolved.

Pour through a fine sieve and leave to become cold. Whip $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream to the stage when the whisk leaves a trail when drawn through it. Stir it into the orange mixture. Whip the egg whites stiffly and fold them through and through. Finally, add about a tablespoon of Kirsch or cognac. Turn into one large glass dish or individual dishes.





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T.C.B.

Where the road racers eat

by I. BICKERSTAFF

I HAVE just come back from a few weeks' stay in France, before which I had heard and read the usual tales of the appalling cost of a holiday there. Once again, I did not find it so. This is partly because I do not go to the smart hotels in Paris or the fashionable resorts on the coast, but prefer to explore France off the main routes. If I am in a large town I try to find the hotel most used by long-distance French commercial travellers; they are generally efficient and give good value at a reasonable price.

Over many years of motoring about France one builds up in one's mind a sort of chain of hotels and restaurants where the proprietor has become a friend, and it is always a pleasure to revisit *en route* places where you have been happy and are sure of a welcome.

My first night was spent at the Central Hotel at Le Mans, where an old friend, M. Lafagne, the proprietor, has at one time or another housed some of the greatest road-race drivers in the world. He has spent a lot of money in redecorating the hotel which has some charming rooms with private bathrooms, and has dedicated the décor of the entrance hall and the new bar entirely to the great 24-hour race.

We talked at length about a favourite subject of his—wine—and he explained that the price of wine in France was climbing towards the sky with great speed.

As far as Bordeaux was concerned, the 1955 vintage had proved to be of excellent quality, but it had all been bought up at high prices. 1956 was not successful and although 1957 promises to be a fine year, the quantity produced was well below normal and speculators were already hard at work.

Hail, frost, rain and snow, and heaven knows what else had been given as the cause. Guy Prince of Lebègue put it in a nutshell in a note to me before I left, predicting exactly the conditions I should find in the wine trade. He said it was a case of "the vagaries of Mother Nature countering the wishes and endeavours of man."

M. Lafagne has solved the problem of wines at the right price in his hotel with much initiative. Attaching a trailer to the back of his car he journeys round some of the small vineyards which abound in the region of Anjou, buys wine by the cask direct from the grower and bottles it himself, the result being that I found myself drinking bottles of White Anjou Saumur, a Rosé de Cabernet and a Red St. Nicholas de Bourgueil, at from 8s. to 10s. the bottle—remember this was the price at the table.

This is a friendly and reasonably priced hotel and a good jumping-off place if you are heading for the chateaux of Touraine.

From Le Mans to the Wine Fair at Vallet near Nantes, where the River Loire makes for the Atlantic, and where the vineyards are devoted to the production of a dry white wine called Muscadet.

This was a very gay affair and some of the exhibits in the Food Preparation Display, mostly submitted by chefs from Nantes or Angers, would certainly have won prizes at the Culinary Exhibition at Hotel Olympia this year.



STARS OF THE UKRAINIAN STATE COSSACK COMPANY visiting London were entertained to luncheon at the New Bagatelle Restaurant by Major and Mrs. P. Maitland-Sions. Above: Miss Vivienne Hetzel, a dancer trained at Sadler's Wells, Madame Julia, interpreter with the company, Major Maitland-Sions and Pavel Virsky, the Company's choreographer and artistic director

Interlaken

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100 Du Nord	17	24	
100 Eden	17	24	
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80 Jura	17	24	
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100 Oberland	17	24	
100 Savoy	17	24	
60 Splendid	17	24	
110 Weisses Kreuz	17	24	
60 Alpine	15.50	21	
30 Bären	15.50	21	
45 Beaufort	15.50	21	
18 Blume	15.50	21	
70 Drei Täfeln	15.50	21	
70 Europe	15.50	21	
80 Hirschen (Interlaken)	15.50	21	
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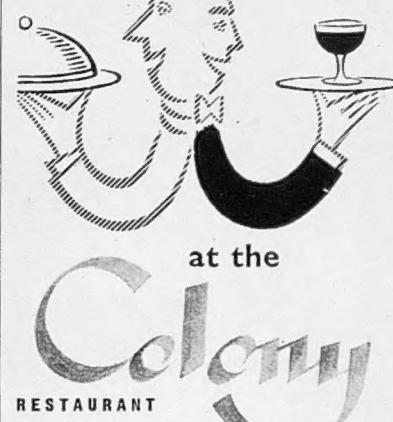
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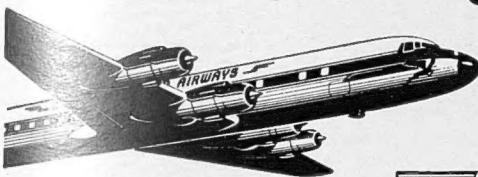
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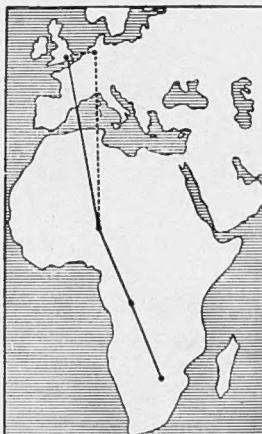
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